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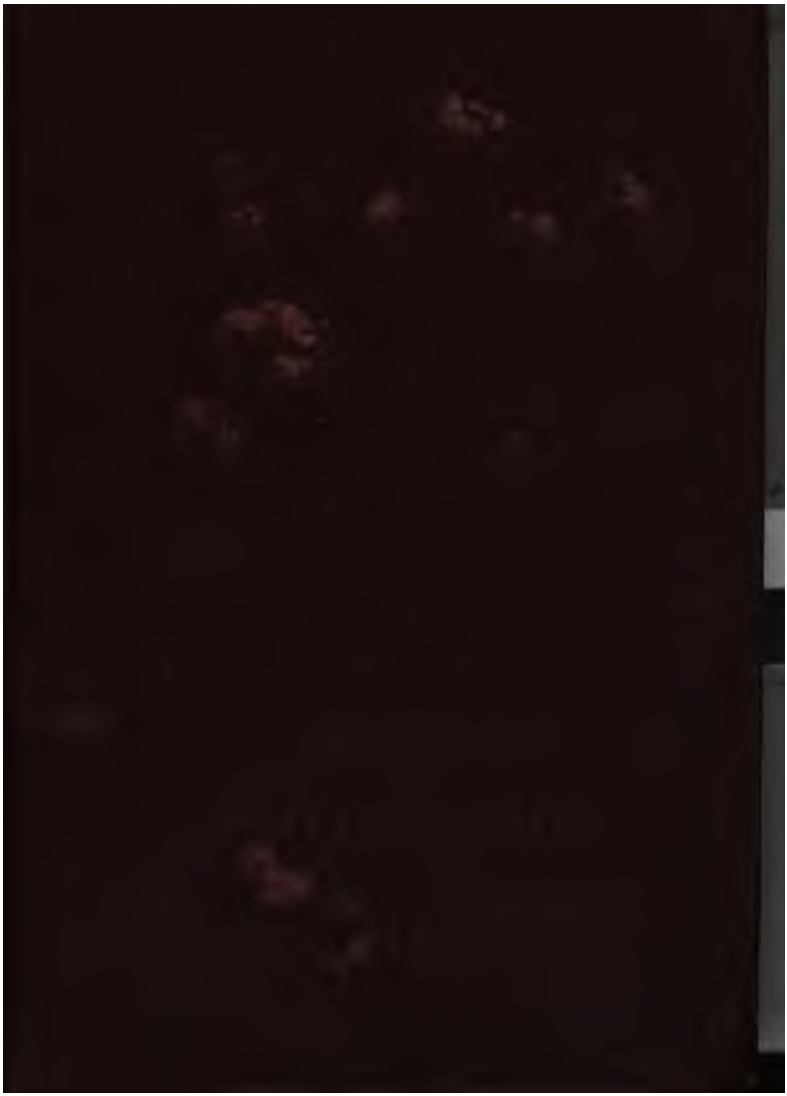

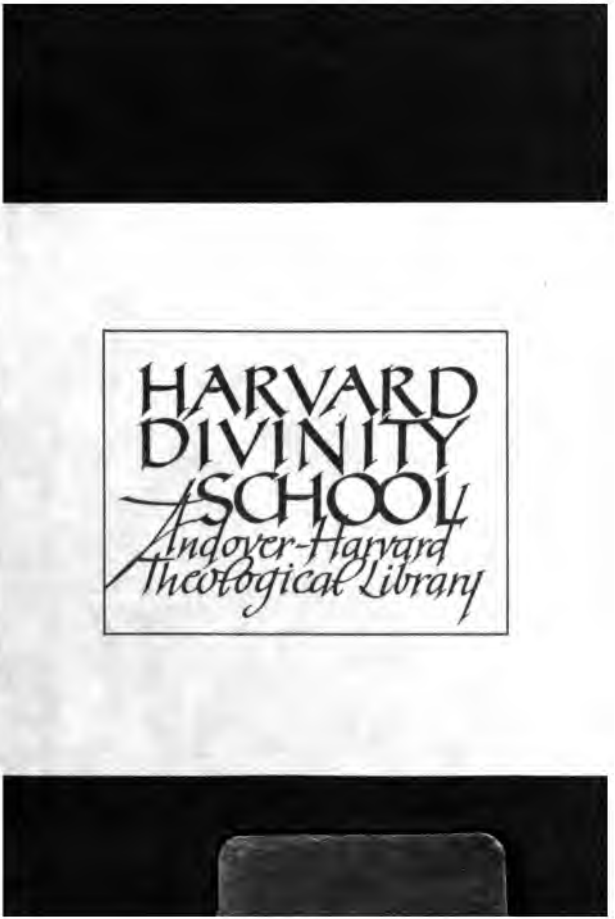
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MANY VOICES

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MANY VOICES.

Invocation.

1 11.12.12.10.

"*Which was, and is, and is to come,*"—Rev. iv. 8.

1 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Bp. Reginald Heber (1783—1826), 1827.

2

5. 5. 5. 6. D.

The Might and Mercy of God.—Ps. civ.

1 O WORSHIP the King,
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor,
And girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

Sir Robert Grant (1788—1838), 1839. Ab.

3

5.5.5.6.D.
"Jesus, our King."

1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name;
The Name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His Kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save:
And still He is nigh;
His presence we have.
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give Him His right,
All glory, and power,
And wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1744 Ab.

4

7.8, 7.7.
"Light of Light."

1 LIGHT of Light, enlighten me!
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of grace, the shadows flee,
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning:
With Thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy is my day of rest.

2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless Thy Word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire may in me glow
That Thine altar doth not know.

4 Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee up-springing,
Have a foretaste inly given,
How they worship Thee in Heaven.

5 Rest in me and I in Thee,
Build a paradise within me;
O reveal Thyself to me,
Blessed Love, who died'st to win me;
Fed from Thine exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

6 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy:

Come, thou glorious Majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love.

Rev. Benjamin Schmolke (1672—1737), 1704.
Tr. by Miss Catherine Winkworth (1829—1878), 1858.

5 8. 7.

Praise from the whole Creation.—Ps. cxlviii.

1 PRAISE the Lord, ye Heavens, adore Him,
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

Rev. John Kempthorne (1775—1838), 1809.

6 8. 7.

God is Love.—1 JOHN iv. 8.

1 GOD is Love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 *Chance* and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;

But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove
From the mist His brightness streamet
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring (1792—1872), 1

7 8. 7.

Praise on Earth and in Heaven.—REV. iv. 11.

1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise be Thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, Source of all compassion,
Pure unbounded grace is Thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the richest gifts bestowed.
Sound His praise thro' earth and Heav
Sound Jehovah's praise aloud.

4 Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in Heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. John Fawcett (1739—1817), 1767.

8 7. D.
Christ in Glory.

1 PRAISE to God who reigns above,
Binding earth and Heaven in love:
All the armies of the sky
Worship His dread sovereignty.
Seraphim His praises sing,
Cherubim on fourfold wing,
Thrones, dominions, princes, powers,
Ranks of might that never cowers.

2 Angel hosts His word fulfil,
Ruling nature by His will;
Round His throne archangels pour
Songs of praise for evermore.
Yet on man they joy to wait,
All that bright celestial state;
For true man their Lord they see,
Christ, th' incarnate Deity.

3 On the throne our Lord, who died,
Sits in manhood glorified;
Where His people faint below,
Angels count it joy to go.
O the depths of joy divine,
Thrilling through those orders nine,
When the lost are found again,
When the banished come to reign.

Rev. Richard Meux Benson, 1861. Ab.

9 7. D.
Thrice Holy.—Is. vi, 3.

1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord!
God of Hosts! When Heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,

All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1836, 1853.

10 8. 7. 4.

"Speak, for Thy servant heareth."—1 SAM. iii, 10.

1 IN Thy Name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near:
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let Thy servants hear,
Hear with meekness,
Hear Thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in Heaven we see.

3 There in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

Rev. Thomas Kelly (1769—1855), 1815.

11

8. 7. 4.

Dismission.

1 LORD, dimiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us now, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to Heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

Rev. John Fawcett (1739—1817), 1774.

12

L. M. 6L.
"*Unto the Lord.*"—Rom. xiv, 8.

1 When, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness Divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine:
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when to Heaven's all-glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's Name,
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with Thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy Heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise.
To see Thy face, and sing Thy praise.

William Shrubsole, Jr. (1759—1829), 1813. Ab. and alt.

13

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.
The Trinity invoked.

1 Come, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise:

Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise;
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on Thee be stayed:
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy Word success:
Spirit of Holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of Power.

5 To the great One and Three
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore.
His Sovereign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1753

14

L. M.

"Christ always with His people."

1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy Mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all Heaven before our eyes,

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear:
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

William Cowper (1731—1800), 1760. Ab.

15

L. M.

"Jam lucis orto sidere."

1 WHILE now the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

2 So when the daylight leaves the sky,
And night's dark hours once more are nigh,
May we, unsoiled by sinful stain,
Sing glory to our God again.

Ambrose of Milan (340—397).
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale (1818—1866), Ab. and alt.

16 L. M.

The Love of God shed abroad in the Heart.—EPH. iii. 16.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be exprest.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and length
Of Thine immeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, thro' Christ, His Son.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709.

17 L. M. (Abridged form.)

"Gott ist gegenwärtig · O lasset uns anbeten."

1 LO, God is here: let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face.

2 Lo, God is here: Him day and night
United choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.

3 Lord God of hosts, O may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;

Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

Gerhard Tersteegen (1697—1769), 1731.
Tr. by Rev. John Wesley (1703—1791), 1739. Ab. and alt.

18

S. M.
"Ask what I shall give thee."—1 KINGS iii. 5.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He split,
What else can He withhold?

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

4 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine,
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

Rev. John Newton (1725—1807), 1779. Ab.

19

S. M.
Importunity in prayer.—LUKE xviii. 1-7.

1 OUR Lord, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows His gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry ;
And though He may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer ;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause His care.

Rev. John Newton (1725—1807), 1779. Ab. and alt.

20 S. M.
"Sweet is the Work."

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise Thy Name, and hear thy Word,
And grateful off'rings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell ;
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy Name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in Heaven.

Miss Harriet Auber (1773—1862), 1820. Alt.

21 S. M.
Glory begun.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known :
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709. Ad.

22

S. M.

The Sabbath given to our Fathers.—Ps. lxxxi.

1 SING to the Lord, our Might,
With holy fervor sing;
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.

2 This is His holy house,
And this His festal day,
When He accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.

3 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbaths still requires
To speed her on to Heaven.

4 We still, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is still as near His fold,
To pity and to bless.

5 Then let us open wide
Our hearts for Him to fill;
And He that Israel then supplied,
Will help His Israel still.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte (1793—1847), 1834.

23 7.

Asking of God.—1 KINGS iii. 5.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring.

2 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy bood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, My Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me *live* a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

Rev. John Newton (1725—1807), 1779.

24 7.

The fading Light.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away:
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Bp. George Washington Doane (1799—1859), 182.

25 7.

For the coming week.—Ps. lxxiii. 24.

1 THROUGH the passing of the week,
Father, we Thy presence seek:
'Midst this world's deceitful maze
Keep us, Lord, in all our ways.

2 O, what snares our path beset!
O, what cares our spirits fret!
Let no earthly thing, we pray,
Draw our souls from Thee away.

3 Thou hast set our daily task,
Grace and strength from Thee we ask
Thou our joys and griefs dost send,
To Thy will our spirits bend.

4 Still in duty's lowly round
Be our patient footsteps found:
With Thy counsel guide us here,
Till in glory we appear.

Bp. William Walsham How (1823—), 1872. Ab.

26 7.

Seeking after God.—JER. xxix, 13.

1 LORD, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay:
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

Rev. William Hammond (—1783), 1745. N

27 8. 5. 8. 5. 8. 4 8.
Praise above, below. REV. iv. 11.

1 ANGEL voices, ever singing
Round Thy throne of light—
Angel harps, forever ringing,
Rest not day nor night
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee,
Lord of might!

2 Thou, Who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For thy praise combine;
Craftman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

4 Here, Great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody,

5 Honor, glory, might and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blesséd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and Heaven
Render Thee.

Rev. Francis Pott, (1832—), 1861.

28 L. M.

The Lord watch between us. GEN. xxxi. 49.

1 GOD be with you till we meet again;
By His counsels, guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again:

Till we meet, Till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, Till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings securely hide you:
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

Rev. J. E. Rankin.

29

L. M.
Morning Hymn.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

3 All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guide my first springs of thought and will
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say:
That all my powers, with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Bp. Thomas Ken (1637—1711), 1697, 1709. Alt

30

L. M.
Evening Hymn.

1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply,
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bp. Thomas Ken. 1697, 1709. Ab.

31

L. M.

"Splendor paternæ gloriæ."

1 O JESUS, Lord of light and grace,
Thou brightness of the Father's face,
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night.

2 Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,
Come in Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 May *He our* actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;

From sudden falls our feet defend,
And guide us safely to the end.

4 O hallowed thus be every day;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
Our faith like noontide splendor glow,
Our souls the twilight never know.

Ambrose of Milan (340—397).
Tr. by Rev. John Chandler (1306—1676), 1837. Ab. and alt.

32

L. M.

"*Abide with us.*"—LUKE xxiv. 29.

1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine;
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

Rev. John Keble (1792—1866), 1827. Ab.

33 L. M.
Evening Praise and Prayer.—Ps. iv.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in His Name forbids my fear;
O may Thy presence ne'er depart;
And, in the morning, make me hear
The love and kindness of Thy heart.

5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709. Ab.

34 8. 7.
Evening Blessing.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;

Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in Heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston (1791—1867), 1

35

8. 7.

Evening Shadows.

1 TARRY with me, O my Saviour,
For the day is passing by;
See, the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

4 Tarry with me, O my Saviour;
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning, then awake me:
Morning of eternal rest.

Mrs. Caroline Sprague Smith (1827—), 1855.

36

8. 7.

An Evening Prayer.

1 HEAR my prayer, O Heavenly Father
Ere I lay me down to sleep:
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Ronnd my bed their vigil keep.

2 *Great my* sins are, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;

Down before Thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

3 Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

4 None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Son has brought.

5 Pardon all my past transgressions;
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bid me home.

Miss Harriet Parr, 1856. Sl. alt.

37 11, 11, 11, 5.
"The Darkness and the Light are both alike to Thee."

1 Now God be with us, for the night is closing:
The light and darkness are of His disposing,
And 'neath His shadow here to rest we yield us,
For He will shield us.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3 We have no refuge; none on earth to aid us,
Save *Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;*

But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek Thee only.

4 Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy Kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in Heaven,
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

"Bohemian Brethren Collection," 1531.
Tr. by Miss Catherine Winkworth (1829—1878), 1863. Ab.

38 10. *"Fast falls the Eventide."*

1 ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte (1793—1847), 1847. Ab.

39

L. M. D.

Sunset Prayer.—MARK i. 32.

1 AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met,
O with what joy they went away.
Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

2 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel,
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;
And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin:
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

3 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;
Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Rev. Henry Twells (1823—), 1868. Ab.

40

L. M. D.
At Home with God everywhere.

1 My Lord, how full of sweet content,
I pass my years of banishment:
Where'er I dwell, I dwell with Thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
To me remains nor place, nor time;
My country is in every clime:
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

2 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy, to go or stay.
Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

Madame J. B. de la Motte Guyon (1648—1717), 1702.
Tr. by William Cowper (1731—1800), 1782. Ab. and alt.

41

7. 6l.
Evening Hymn.

1 FATHER, by Thy love and power,
Comes again the evening hour;

Light has vanished, labors cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace:
We to Thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

2 Saviour, to Thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer;
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We, like sheep, have gone astray;
Blessed Saviour, we, through Thee,
Pray that we may pardoned be.

3 Holy Spirit, Breath of balm,
Fall on us in evening's calm;
Yet awhile, before we sleep,
We with Thee will vigil keep.
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort still.

4 Blessed Trinity, be near
Through the hours of darkness drear;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Round us set th'angelic host,
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

Prof. Joseph Anstice (1808—1836), 1836. Ab. and alt.

42

10.

"*Thy Word of Peace.*"

1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise,
With one accord, our parting hymn of praise;
We rise to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, *lowly kneeling*, wait Thy word of *peace.*

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light:
From harm and danger keep Thy children free:
Darkness and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Rev. John Ellerton (1826—), 1868.

43 10.
"The Day of holy Rest."

1 AGAIN returns the day of holy rest,
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest,
When, like His own, He bade our labors cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn His will, and all we learn obey
So shall He hear, when fervently we rais
Our supplications and our songs of praise

3 Father of Heaven, in whom our hope
confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose pre
cepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death ou
Friend,
Glory supreme be Thine, till time shal
end.

Rev. William Mason (1725—1797), 1811

7. 6. D.

44 "*The Day which the Lord hath made.*"—Ps. cxviii. 24

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright:
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing "Holy, holy, holy,"
To the Great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from Heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day *on* weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;

To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

Bp. Christopher Wordsworth (1807—1885), 1862. Ab. and alt

45 7. 6. D.
Ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα

1 THE Day of Resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad:
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain
His own "All hail!" and, hear
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful;
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

John of Damascus (—c. 780.)
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1862.

46

H. M.
Sabbath Morning.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest:
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest;
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Make known a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

Hayward. In John Dobell's Collection, 1806. Sl. alt.

47

H. M.
Longing for the House of God.— Ps. lxxxiv.

1 LORD *of the* worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair

The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine early temples are!
To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires, to see my God.

2 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear;
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they,
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719. **Ab.**

48

P. M.
"*Fading, still fading.*"

1 FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining,
Father in Heaven, the day is declining,
Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night:
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
Shield me from danger, save me from crime.

Father, have mercy, Father have mercy,
Father, have mercy thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.

2 Father in Heaven, O hear when we call,
Hear for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all:
Feeble and fainting, we trust in Thy might;
In doubting and darkness Thy love be our light;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,
Wake in Thy arms when morning returns.

Father, have mercy, etc.

Unknown Author, 1830.

49

7. 61.

"Safely, through another Week."

1 SAFELY, through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day:
||: Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest. :||

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's Name,
Show Thy reconciléd face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy Name to praise;
May we feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

Rev. John Newton (1725—1807), 1774.

50 7. 61.
"*The day-spring from on high.*"—LUKE i. 78.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near,
Day-star, in our hearts appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unillumined, Lord, by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams we see;
Lord, Thine inward light impart,
Cheering each benighted heart.

3 Visit every soul of Thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill us, Lord, with light divine,
Scatter all our unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1740. **Alt.**

51 S. P. M.
"*The House of the Lord.*"—Ps. cxxii.

1 How pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,

We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saints be glad;
He makes the sinner sad;
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719.

52 L. M.

"*From Strength to Strength.*"—Ps. lxxxiv.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around Thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and, thro' the road,
They lean upon their Helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in Heaven at length;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719. Ab.

53

L. M

The Church the Birth-place of Souls.—Ps. lxxxvii.

1 God in His earthly temple lays
Foundations for His heav'nly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pays its night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old,
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou City of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall then begin their lives anew;
Angels, and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up His last account
Of natives in His holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear
As one new-born or nourished there.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

54 L. M.
Millions of Worshippers.

1 MILLIONS within Thy courts have met,
Millions this day before Thee bowed;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Vows with their lips to Thee they vowed.

2 Soon as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

3 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble Thou wert nigh;
Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.

4 Yet one prayer more, and be it one,
In which both Heaven and earth accord:
Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son;
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1853. Ab. and sl. alt.

55 S. M.
The Lord's Day welcomed.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709. Sl. alt

56 S. M.

Our Redeemer worshipped.

1 How charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of His face,
And sheds His love abroad.

2 Here, on the Mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents:
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

4 To them His sovereign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

Rev. Samuel Stennett (1727—1795), 1787.

57 S. M.

"*Stand up, and bless the Lord.*"—NEH. ix. 5.

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice:
Stand up and bless the Lord, your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 O for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to Heaven our thought.

3 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

4 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1825.

58 P. M.

"*At Home.*"

1 'MID scenes of confusion and creatu
complaints,
How sweet to the soul is communic
with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there
room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at hor

2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

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The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1825. Ab

58 P. M.
"*At Home.*"

1 'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to the soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!

4 O long-expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1702—1751), 1755. Ab. and al

61

C. M.

"*I was glad.*"—Ps. cxxii.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
||:" In Zion let us all appear,:||
And keep the solemn day !"

2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
The Church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show His milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds His throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest ;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
There my best friends, my kindre
dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719. Al

62

7. 6. D.

Ps. cl.

1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps His courts below ;

Praise the holy God of love,
And all His greatness show:
Praise Him for His noble deeds:
Praise Him for His matchless power:
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread, to all around
The great Immanuel's name;
Let the trumpet's martial sound
Him, Lord of Hosts, proclaim:
Praise Him, every tuneful string,
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the powers of music bring,—
The music of the heart.

3 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing;
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King:
Hallowed be His name beneath;
As in Heaven, in earth adored;
Praise the Lord in every breath;
Let all things praise the Lord.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1743.

63 L. M.

Grateful Adoration.—Ps. c.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we *strayed,*
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719. Ab. and alt. Rev. John Wesley (1703—1791), 1741.

64

L. M.

"*Sing to the Lord.*"—Ps. c.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure:

His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.
Rev. William Kethe, 1561.

65 L. M.
"*Praise Him, all ye People.*"—Ps. cxvii.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy Word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

66 L. M.
The Pillars of Cloud and Fire.—Ex. xiii. 21.

1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along th' astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen
O Lord, when shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.
Sir Walter Scott (1771—1832), 1820. Ab. and alt.

67 S. P. M.
The Majesty and Might of God.—Ps. xciii.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned:
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sov'reign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by Thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey Thy word:
Thy throne was fixed on high
Before the starry sky:
Eternal is Thy Kingdom, Lord.

3 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky:
The terrors of Thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

4 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, Thy church shall ne'er remove:
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in Thy courts appear,
And sing Thine everlasting love.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719.

68 L. M.
Providence and Grace.—Ps. xxxvi. 5—9.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy Word.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719. Ab.

69

L. M.

God's Glory and Nearness to us.—Acts xvii. 24—28.

1 Lord of all being; throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near.

2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809—), 1848.

70

L. M.

"*Bless the Lord.*"—Ps. ciii.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the Living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth His power confess;
Let the whole earth adore His grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719. Ab.

71

L. M.

The Majesty and Mercy of God.—Ps. lxviii.

1 KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown Him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are His mercies known,
Israel is His peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

72

L. M.

Wonders of Creation and Grace.—Ps. cxxxvi.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all His ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

2 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

3 He sent His Son with power to save,
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

4 Thro' this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719. Ab.

73

L. M.

Guiding and Guarding.—Ps. cvii.

1 GIVE thanks to God; He reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, His Name is Love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemèd of the Lord
The wonders of His grace record;

Israel, the nation whom He chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray :
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

4 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord ;
How great His works! how kind His ways!
Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719. Ab.

74 7.

The Condescension of God.—Ps. cxiii.

1 HALLELUJAH, raise, O raise
To our God the song of praise.
All his servants, join to sing
God our Saviour and our King.

2 Blessèd be for evermore
That dread Name which we adore :
O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heavens His throne.

3 Yet to view the heavens He bends ;
Yea, to earth He condescends ;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.

4 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land ;
Wealth upon the needy shower ;
Set the meanest high in power.

5 He the broken spirit cheers.
Turns to joy the mourner's tears ;

Such the wonders of His ways:
Praise His Name, forever praise.

Josiah Conder (1789—1855), 1836 Ab.

75

7.

Redeeming Love.

1 SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,
When the saints together meet;
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they join to sing of Him.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave His Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love:
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Live and died to save our race.

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love:
With our wretchéd hearts He strove,
Took the things of Christ and showed
How to reach His blest abode.

Rev. George Burder (1752—1832), 1779. Ab. and alt.

76

7.

"*Songs of Praise.*"—JOB xxxviii. 7.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of *praise* arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1819, 1853. Ab.

77 7.

Mercies that never fail.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Be Thy glorious Name adored:
Lord, Thy mercies never fail;
Hail celestial Goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around Thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in Thy way,
Till we come to dwell with Thee,
Till we all Thy glory see.

4 Then, with angel-harps, again
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

5 Lord, Thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Be Thy glorious Name adored.

Rev. Benjamin Williams, 1778. Ab.

78 7.
"Te Deum laudamus."

1 GOD eternal, Lord of all,
Lowly at Thy feet we fall:
All the earth doth worship Thee,
We amidst the throng would be.

2 All the holy angels cry,
Hail, thrice holy, God most High:
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.

3 God eternal, mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring:
Seated on Thy judgment-throne,
Number us among Thine own.

Rev. James Elwin Millard, 1848. Ab. and alt.

79 C. M.
God infinite and eternal.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art Thou,
What worthless worms are we:
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;
To Thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art Thou,
What worthless worms are we;
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709. Ab.

80

C. M.

Feared and loved.

1 My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy Mercy-seat
In depths of burning light.

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O Everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

3 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hop
And penitential tears.

4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast dor
With me, Thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on thee.

Rev. Frederick William Faber (1814—1863), 1849. Ab.

81

C. M.

God our Help, and Surety.—Ps. xc.

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Our earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719. Ab. and sl. alt.

82 C. M.

The constant Goodness of God.—Ps. cxxxix.

1 JEHOVAH, God, Thy gracious power
On ev'ry hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to Thee.

2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there are footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from Thee.

5 In all the changing scenes of time,
On Thee our hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father, and our Friend.

Rev. John Thomson (1782–1818), 1810. Sl. alt.

83 C. M. D.

Song of the Angels.—LUKE ii. 7–15.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

2 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
The Heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

Nahum Tate (1652—1715), 1703.

84

C. M. 51.

"*Hark, the glad Sound.*"—Is. lxi.

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
||: And every voice a song. :||

2 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, *the* broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,

And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovéd Name.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1702—1751), 1735.

85

C. M. 51.

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.—Is. ix. 1—7.

1 THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious Light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
||: In death's surrounding night. :||

2 To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.

3 To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of Heaven.

4 His Name shall be the Prince of Peace
Forevermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

5 His power increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

Rev. John Morrison (1749—1798), 1779. Ab.

86

7. D.
"The Herald Angels."

1 HARK, the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
||: Universal nature say,
"Christ the Lord is born to-day." :||

2 Christ, by highest Heaven adored!
Christ, the everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb!
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail, the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to dwell
Jesus, our Immanuel.

3 Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1739. Ab. and alt.

87

7. D.
"He has come."

1 HE has come, the Christ of God;
Left for us His glad abode;
Stooping from His throne of bliss,
To this *darksome* wilderness:
He has come, the Prince of Peace;

Come to bid our sorrows cease;
Come to scatter, with His light,
All the shadows of our night.

2 He, the mighty King, has come,
Making this poor earth His home;
Come to bear our sin's sad load,
Son of David, Son of God.
He has come, whose Name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race;
Left for us His glad abode,
Son of Mary, Son of God.

3 Unto us a child is born;
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn
Out of all the morns of time
Half so glorious in its prime.
Unto us a Son is given;
He has come from God's own Heaven,
Bringing with Him from above
Holy peace, and holy love.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1857. Sl. a

88

P. M.
"Adeste Fideles."

1 COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with gla
accord;
Come, and behold him
Born, the King of angels,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ tl
Lord.

2 *Sing*, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,

Through Heaven's high arches be your praises poured;
Now to our God be
Glory in the highest:
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

3 Yea, Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation;
Jesus, forever be Thy Name adored;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Unknown Author, of uncertain date.
Tr. by Rev. Frederick Oakeley (1802—1880), 1841. Ab. and alt.

89

C. M.
"*Joy to the World.*"—Ps. xcviii.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And Heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709.

90 C. M.
"*The Lord reigneth.*"—Ps. xcv[1].

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue:
His new discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds His throne.

3 Behold He comes, He comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world His righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719. Ab.

91 P. M.
"*Shout the glad Tidings*"

SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

1 Zion the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the highest, how lowly His birth,
The brighest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news, let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,

How His people with joy everlasting
are crowned.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bring-
ing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna
arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth
and the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg, (1796—1877, 1826.)

92 11. 10.
"*Brightest and Best.*"

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us
Thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is
laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are
shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of
the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devo-
tion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the
mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Bp. Reginald Heber (1783—1826), 1811.

93

7. 7. 8. 8. 7. 7.

"*Crowned with Glory.*"—HEB. ii. 19.

1 WHO is He in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all!

2 Who is He in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all!

3 Who is He that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord! the King of glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all!

4 Lo, at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all!

5 On the cross, lo! who is He
Sheds His precious blood for me?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all!

6 Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal and help and save?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all!

7 Who is He that on yon throne
Reigns as King of kings alone?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all!

Rev. Benjamin Russell Hanby (1833—1867), 1866. Ab. and alt.

94

8. 7. 4.

"Good Tidings of great Joy."—LUKE ii. 10

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
||: Come and worship, :||
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant-light.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1819, 1825. Ab. and alt.

95 8. 7. 4.
Christ's Coming.

1 JESUS came, the Heavens adoring,
Came with peace from realms on high;
Jesus came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to Heaven:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Now the gate of death is riven.

3 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Cheering e'en our failing years.

4 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory:
Let us then our homage pay,
Hallelujah! ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day.

Rev. Godfrey Thring (1823—), 1866. Ab.

96

7. 61.

"*Leading onward.*"—MATT. ii. 10.

1 As WITH gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the Mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our *costliest* treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light ;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down :
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

William Chatterton Dix (1837—), 1860.

97

8. 3. 3. 6. D.

"Good tidings of great joy."

1 All my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear,
Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices ;
"Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
Till the air
Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

2 Hark, a Voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger ;
Brethren, come ; from all that grieves you
You are freed ;
All you need
I will surely give you."

3 Come then, let us hasten yonder ;
Here let all,

Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder ;
Love Him who with love is yearning ;
Hail the star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning.

4 Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more,
For the door
Now is found of gladness :
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross,
Pain or loss,
Can again betide you.

5 Hither come, ye heavy-hearted,
Who for sin,
Deep within,
Long and sore have smarted :
For the poisoned wounds you're feeling,
Help is near,
One is here
Mighty for their healing.

6 Hither come, ye poor and wretched ;
Know His will
Is to fill
Every hand outstretchéd ;
Here are riches without measure ;
Here forget
All regret,
Fill your heart with treasure.

7 Blesséd *Saviour*, let me find Thee ;
Keep Thou me

Close to Thee,
Cast me not behind Thee:
Life of Life, my heart Thou stillest,
Calm I rest
On Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.

8 Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee forever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt (1607—1676), 1656.
Tr. by Miss Catherine Winkworth (1827—1878), 1858. Ab.

98

8. 7.
"Those holy Voices."

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo, the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high.

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from Heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His glory sing:

Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name and taste His joy:
Till in Heaven you sing before Him,
"Glory be to God most high."

Rev. John Cawood (1775—1852), 1819. Ab.

99

8. 7.

Desired of all Nations.

1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free:
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy Glorious throne.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1744

100

8. 7.

"The Brightness of His Glory."—HEB. i. 3.

1 BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my *tongue*, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.

2 Did archangels sing Thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

3 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe—
All to ransom guilty captives;
Flow, my praise, forever flow.

4 Go, return, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return, and reign forever;
Be the Kingdom all Thine own.

Rev. Robert Robinson (1735—1790), 1774. St. alt.

101

C. M.

"*Who went about doing Good.*"—ACTS x. 38.

1 BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine:
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was His divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all His friends
A Friend and Servant found,
He washed their feet, He wiped their tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.

4 'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek He stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life,
*Who la*bored for their good.

5 To God He left His righteous cause,
And still His task pursued;
With humble prayer, and holy faith,
His fainting strength renewed.

6 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before His Father's throne,
With soul resigned, He bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear;
O may we tread His holy steps,
His joy and glory share.

Prof. William Enfield (1741—1797), 1771. Alt.

102

C. M.

"*Grace is poured into Thy Lips.*"—Ps. xlv. 2.

1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below:
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.

2 Forever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that springs
From union, Lord, with Thee.

Sir Edward Denny (1796—1889), 1839.

103

L. M.

Christ our Pattern.—1 PET. ii. 21.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy Word;
But in Thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory, too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709.

104

L. M.

Christ's Works of Mercy.

WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus sojourned here;
Where'er He went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her drooping head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night
Beheld His face, for He was light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precept heard, His praises sung.

3 Demoniac madness, dark and wild,
With melancholy transport smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.

4 His touch the outcast leper healed,
His lips the sinner's pardon sealed;
Warm tears o'er Lazarus He shed,
Then spake the word that raised the dead.

James Montgomery (1771–1854), 1797. Ab.

105

L. M.

The Meekness of Christ.

1 How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in Thy meekness used to shine,
That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God.

2 O who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
O who like Thee did ever go
So patient, through a world of woe?

3 O who like Thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

5 O in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever, on the road,
To *trace Thy* footsteps, O my God.

Bp. Arthur Cleveland Coxe (1818—), 1840. Ab.

106 C. M. D.
"O, where is He that trod the Sea!"

1 O, WHERE is He that trod the sea,
O, where is He that spake,
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead their slumbers break;
The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes, benighted long,
Bright beams of morning spring.

2 O, where is he that trod the sea,
'Tis only He can save;
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal He gave:
Full soon, with food celestial fed,
Their mystic fare they take;
'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,
And harvest when He brake.

3 O, where is He that trod the sea,
My soul, the Lord is here:
Let all Thy fears be hushed in thee:
To leap, to look, to hear,
Be thine: thy needs He'll satisfy:
Art thou diseased, or dumb?
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
"I come," said Christ, "I come."

Rev. Thomas Toke Lynch (1818—1871), 1855. Ab. and sl. alt.

107 C. M. D.
The Demoniac of Gadara.—MARK v. 1—21.

1 THE winds were howling o'er the deep,
Each wave a watery hill;
The Saviour wakened from His sleep:
He spake, and all was still.

The madman in a tomb had made
His mansion of despair;
Woe to the traveller who strayed
With heedless footsteps there.

2 The chains hung broken from his arm,
Such strength can hell supply;
And fiendish hate, and fierce alarm,
Flashed from his hollow eye.
He met that glance so thrilling sweet,
He heard those accents mild;
And, melting at Messiah's feet,
Wept like a weanéd child.

3 O, madder than the raving man,
O, deafer than the sea:
How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain to me.
Yet could I hear Him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks He should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.

Bp. Reginald Heber (1783—1826), 1827. Ab.

108

C. M. D.

The Fellowship of Suffering.

1 O LORD, when we the path retrace
Which Thou on earth hast trod,
To man Thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God:—
Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave;
The very spear that pierced Thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.

2 Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or suffering, shame, and loss,

Thy path uncheered by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross,
Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind:
We would obedient be;
And all our rest and pleasure find
In fellowship with Thee.

James George Deck (1802—1883), 1838. Ab.

109

C. M. D.
"*In His train.*"

1 THE Son of God goes forth to war
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below—
He follows in his train.

2 The martyr, first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

Bp. Reginald Heber (1783—1826), 1827.

110

L. M.

Christ in Gethsemane.

1 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

Rev. William Bingham Tappan (1794—1849), 1822.

111

7.

The three Mountains.

1 When on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To *proclaim His* holy lay,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Hermon's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away.
Thou art Heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1812. Sl. alt.

112

H. M.
The debt of love.

1 COME, ev'ry pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate His fame:
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.

2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What He endured, O who can tell,—
To save our souls from death and hell!

3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansions of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conqu'ror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour-God.

4 From thence He'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see His lovely face
And ever be in His embrace.

Rev. Samuel Stennett (1727—1795), 1787. Ab.

L. M.

113 *The Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem.*

MATT. XXI. 1—11.

1 RIDE on, ride on in majesty!
Hark, all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
||: With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.:||

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The wingéd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die:
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

Rev. Henry Hart Milman (1791—1868), 1827. Alt.

114

L. M.
"*Vexilla Regis prodeunt.*"

1 THE royal banners forward go,
The cross shines forth in mystic glow:
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2 Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing from His side,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.

3 O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

4 Upon its arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung
The price which none but He could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

5 To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

Venantius Fortunatus (530—609), c. 57.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1851. Ab. and al

115

L. M.
"*The wondrous Cross.*"

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross.
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709

116

C. M.

Before the Cross.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears:
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,
And melt, mine eyes, to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709. Ab.

117

C. M.

Kneeling at the Cross.

1 O, JESUS, sweet the tears I shed,
While at Thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on Thy wounded, fainting head,
And all Thy sorrows feel.

2 My heart dissolves to see Thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear Thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.

3 'Twas for the sinful Thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand;
What love speaks from Thy dying eye,
And from each piercéd hand.

4 I know this cleansing blood of Thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me:
For me, for all, O Grace divine,
Who look by faith on Thee.

5 O Christ of God, O spotless Lamb,
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth, for ever, Thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.

6 In patient hope, the cross I'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And Thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare,
On Thy great judgment-day.

Rev. Ray Palmer (1808—1887), 1867.

118

C. M.
"He dies."

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree:
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how He groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done, the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," He cries:
See where He bows His sacred head,
He bows His head and dies.

4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine?

Rev. Samuel Wesley (1662—1735), 1709.

119

L. M.
"Our Lord is Crucified."

1 O COME, and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah, look how patiently He hangs:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 How fast His hands and feet are nailed;
His throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

5 Come, let us stand beneath the cross;
So may the blood from out His side
Fall gently on us drop by drop:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

6 A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied;
Lord, Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified.

Rev. Frederick William Faber (1814—1863), 1849. Ab. and alt.

120

11.

"*Salve festa dies.*"

1 "WELCOME, happy morning," age to age shall say;
Hell to day is vanished, Heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the Dead is Living, God forever more;
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore!

"Welcome, happy morning," age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished, Heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the Dead is Living, God for evermore;
Him, their true Creator, all his works adore!

2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
"Welcome, happy morning," etc.

3 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show:
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word:
'Tis Thine own third morning, rise, my buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning," etc.

4 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
"Welcome, happy morning," etc.

Venantius Fortunatus (580—609),
Tr. by Rev. John Ellison (1826—), 1869. Ab.

121

C. M.
"*Ich sage jedem, dass Er lebt.*"

1 I SAY to all men, far and near,
That He is risen again;
That He is with us now and here,
And ever shall remain.

2 And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His Kingdom without end.

3 The fears of death and of the grave
Are whelmed beneath the sea,
And every heart, now light and brave,
May face the things to be.

4 The way of darkness that He trod
To Heaven at last shall come,
And he who hearkens to His Word
Shall reach His Father's home.

Friedrich von Hardenberg (1772—1801), 1799.
Tr. by Miss Catherine Winkworth (1827—1878), 1858. Al

122 7.

"*He is not here.*"—MARK xvi. 6.

1 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
||: Sing, ye heavens; and earth, reply. :||

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise:
Christ has opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led.
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

5 Hail, the Lord of earth and Heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1739. Ab.

123

C. M.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me,
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742. Ab.

124 L. M.
"Our Lord is risen."—Ps. xxiv.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in."

4 "Who is this King of glory, who?"
"The Lord that all His foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name."

5 Lo, His triumphal chariot waits;
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way."

6 "Who is this King of glory, who?"
"The Lord of glorious power possessed,
The King of saints and angels, too;
God over all, forever blest."

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1743. Ab.

125 L. M.
"He lives."

1 "I KNOW that my Redeemer lives:"
What comfort this sweet sentence gives.

He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living Head.

2 He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

3 He lives, my kind, my faithful Friend,
He lives, and loves me to the end,
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.

4 He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death,
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

Rev. Samuel Medley (1738—1799), 1789. Ab.

126

8. 7. D.

Mounting in Triumph.

1 SEE, the Conquer'r mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state,
Riding on thecloudsHis chariot,
To His heavenly palace gate,
Hark, the choir of angel voices
Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted,
To receive their heav'nly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature,
On the clouds to God's right hand,
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns adored by angels,
Man with God is on the throne,
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

4 Lift us up from earth to Heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspiration
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where He sits enthroned in glory
In the heavenly citadel.

5 So at last, when He appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles',
Flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of Heaven,
And may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning,
And may reign forever there.

Bp. Christopher Wordsworth (1807—1885), 1862. Ab.

127

7. D.

Christ re-ascending.

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;
Christ a while to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends His native Heav'n.
There the glorious triumph waits,
Lift your heads eternal gates;

||: Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in.:||

2 Him though highest Heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves:
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
See, He lifts His hands above;
See, He shows the prints of love;
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below.

3 Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent, He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.
Lord, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1739. Ab.

128

7. D.

"*Our Brother glorified.*"—1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 Christ to Heaven is gone before
In the body here He wore;
He that as our Brother died,
Is our Brother glorified.
Fear not, ye of little faith,
For He hath abolished death;
Death, no longer now we die,
We but follow Christ on high.

2 And before each fainting one,
Dreading the dark way alone,
Now appear His footsteps bright,
Far diffusing holiest light.

As our Shepherd He is there,
With the comfort of His care;
Fear no evil, doubt no more,
Christ to Heaven is gone before.

George Rawson (1807—1885), 1857.

129

S. M.
"Ascendens in altum Dominus."

1 THE Lord on high ascends,
Once more to take His seat:
Celestial powers rejoicing fly,
His glad return to greet.

2 The mighty battle gained,
The world's great prince undone,
Before His Father He presents
The mortal palm He won.

3 Upborne above the clouds,
Sweet hope He sheds on all:
He flings the gates of Eden back,
Shut fast by Adam's fall.

4 To our Redeemer's name
All thanks and praise be given,
That He hath borne our mortal shape
To tread the courts of Heaven.

5 May we, while waiting Christ,
To heavenly works arise,
And ever live such saintly lives,
That we may reach the skies.

Ambrose of Milan (340—3
Tr. by Rev. Robert Corbet Singleton, 1870.

130

8. 8. 8. 4.
"Hear us, O Christ."

1 SOV'REIGN of Heaven, who didst pre
O'er death and with Thy life blood

The path by which we hope to scale
Yon starry sky.

2 Look down in mercy from Thy throne
At God's right hand, O Lord, and see
Us who are lingering here alone,
Orphaned of Thee.

3 Hear us, O Christ, for we were born
Out of the travail of Thy soul;
When by the spear Thy side was torn
To make us whole.

4 Thy toils and anguish at an end,
Thou wearest now a glorious crown;
The hour is come; send, Saviour, send
The Spirit down.

C. Stuart Calverley (—1884), 1872. Ab.

131 8. 7. 4.

"He shall reign forever and ever."—Rev. xi. 15.

1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See "the Man of Sorrows" now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow;
Crown Him, crown Him;
Crowns becomes the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him:
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of Heaven rings:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:

Crown Him, crown Him ;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation !
Hark, those loud triumphant ch
Jesus takes the highest station :
O what joy the sight affords !
Crown Him, crown Him ;
" King of kings, and Lord of lc

Rev. Thomas Kelly (1769—185

132

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.
Reigning in Light.

1 RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into Thy native skies ;
Assume Thy right ;
And where, in many a fold,
The clouds are backward roll'd,
Pass thro' those gates of gold,
And reign in light.

2 Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train :
Praises all Heaven inspire ;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And claps his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain.

3 Enter, incarnate God !
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down !
Blow the full trumpets, blow,
Wider yon portals throw,
Saviour, triumphant, go,
And take Thy crown.

4 Lion of Judah, Hail!
And let Thy Name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

Matthew Bridges (18co—), 1848. Ab.

133

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.
"Worthy the Lamb!"

1 GLORY to God on high,
Let praises fill the sky!
Praise ye His Name.
Angels His Name adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His Name.
We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread His dear fame abroad:
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join all the human race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His Name!
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And say with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Though we must change our place,
Our souls shall never cease
Praising His Name;

To Him we'll tribute bring,
Laud Him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Rev. James Allen (1734—1804), 1761. Ab.

134

C. M.

"And crown Him Lord of all."—Acts x. 36.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
||: Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all. :||

2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. Edward Perronet (—1792), 1780. Ab. and alt.

135

H. M.
"The Lord is King."

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice.
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and Heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1748. Ab.

136

7. 8. 4.
Jesus lebt.

1 JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know Thou,
O Grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sev
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in Heave
Alleluia!

Christian Furchtegott Gellert (1715—1769)
Tr. by Miss Frances Elizabeth Cox (1818—)

137

8. 8. 7. D.

Dwelling in the Heavens.—Ps. cxxiii. 1.

1 UPWARD, where the stars are burning
Silent, silent in their turning,
Round the never-changing pole;
Upward, where the sky is brightest,
Upward, where the blue is lightest,
Lift I now my longing soul.

2 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted:
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

Son of man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him:
With His Name the palace rings.

3 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blesséd feet.
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1866. Ab.

138

8. 7. 61.
"*Raise the Anthem.*"

1 COME, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise:
||: Sing to Him who found the ransom,
Ancient of eternal days: :||
God eternal, Word Incarnate,
Whom the Heaven of heavens obeys.

2 Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the sea, or built the sky,
Love eternal, free and boundless,
Forced the Lord of Life to die;
Lifted up the Prince of princes
On the throne of Calvary.

3 Now on those eternal mountains
Stands the sapphire throne, all bright,
Where unceasing hallelujahs
They upraise, the sons of light:
Zion's people tell His praises,
Victor after hard-won fight.

4 Bring *your* harps and bring your incense,
Sweep the string and pour the lay;

Let the earth proclaim His wonders,
King of that celestial day:
He, the Lamb once slain, is worthy,
Who was dead and lives for aye.

Rev. Job Hupton (1762—1849), 1808.
Alt. by Rev. John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1

139

8. 7. 61.
Ιησοῦς ὁ Ζωοδότης.

1 JESUS, Lord of Life eternal,
Taking those He loved the best,
Stood upon the Mount of Olives,
And His own the last time blest:
Then, though He had never left it,
Sought again His Father's breast.

2 Knit is now our flesh to Godhead,
Knit in everlasting bands:
Call the world to highest festal:
Floods and oceans, clap your hand
Angels, raise the song of triumph:
Make response, ye distant lands.

3 Loosing death with all its terrors
Thou ascendedst up on high;
And to mortals, now immortal,
Gavest immortality,
As Thine own disciples saw Thee
Mounting victor to the sky.

Joseph of the Studium (—883).
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale, 1862. Ab. and

140

L. M.
"*The Song of Songs.*"

1 COME, let us sing the song of songs,
The saints in Heaven began the strai
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain

2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

3 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in Heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

4 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in Heaven with Him we reign,
This song our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

James Montgomery (1771—1854,) 1853. Ab. and alt.

141

C. M.

"The Way, the Truth, the Life."—JOHN xiv. 6.

1 THOU art the Way: To Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

Bp. George Washington Doane (1799—1859), 1824.

142

8. 7. D.
"Love Divine."

1 LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of Heaven, to earth come dov
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe, Thy loving Spi
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest;
Take away our power of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasi
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in Heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1747.

143 8. 7. D.
Prayer for Light.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by Thy love's revealing
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart:
Come, and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, Thou glorious God and Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel-grace.

3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince,
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By thine all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release,
Ever weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1745.

144 L. M. 61.
The Anointing Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart;
Thy blessèd unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer our soiléd face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can com

3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along,
This still may be our endless song:
All praise, with all the heavenly host
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Rabanus Maurus (776—856),
Tr. by Bp. John Cosin (1594—1672), 1627.

145

L. M.
"Veni, Creator Spiritus."

1 COME, O Creator Spirit blest,
And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aic
To fill the hearts which Thou hast mad

2 Great Comforter, to Thee we cry;
O highest gift of God most high,
O Fount of life, O Fire of love,
And sweet anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with lov
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with Thee for Guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

Rabanus Maurus (776—856),
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall (1814—1878), 1849. Ab. and

146

L. M.

Prayer for Light and Guidance.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With peace and healing from above;
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

3 Conduct me safe, conduct me far,
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my final Rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest.

4 Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God;
Lead me to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray.

Rev. Simon Browne (1680—1732), 1720. Ab. and alt.

147

L. M.

The Operations of the Spirit.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge, too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows Thy
Thy cheering words awake our joy
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1

148

7. 7. 7. 5.
"Holy Ghost, the Infinite."

1 HOLY GHOST, the Infinite,
Shine upon our nature's night
With Thy blesséd inward light,
Comforter Divine!

2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint, Thy strength affor
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine!

3 Like the dew, Thy peace distil:
Guide, subdue our wayward will
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!

4 In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groaning ple
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine!

5 In us "Abba, Father," cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine!

6 Search for us the depths of God
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter Divine!

George Rawson (1807—1885),

149

7. 7. 7. 5.
"Heavenly Love."

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly Love.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong
Give us heavenly Love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay:
Give us heavenly Love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight,
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in Heaven will shine more bright:
Give us heavenly Love.

5 Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

Bp. Christopher Wordsworth (1807—1883), 1862. Ab. and alt.

150

7.
Prayer for Peace and Rest.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine,
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of Heaven and love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free,
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart,
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

John Stocker, 1776. *A*

151 7.
Light, Power, Joy.

1 HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine,
Cast down every idol-throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Rev. Andrew Reed (1787–1862), 1843. *A*

152 7.
"Granted is the Saviour's Prayer"

1 GRANTED is the Saviour's prayer,
Sent the gracious Comforter,
Promise of our parting Lord,
Jesus, to His Heaven restored.

2 God, the everlasting God,
Makes with mortals His abode;
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
He stoops down to dwell in man.

3 Never will He thence depart,
Inmate of a humble heart;
Carrying on His work within,
Striving till He cast out sin.

4 Come, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter our devoted breast:
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift and Giver, too!

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708-1788), 1739. Ab. and alt.

153

S. M.

Prayer for Light and Love.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Rev. Joseph Hart (1712—1768), 1759. Ab. and sl. alt.

154

S. M.

The Descent of the Spirit.

1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.

2 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

3 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

4 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1819, 1825. Ab.

155

C. M.

"*The Comforter is come.*"

1 MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God my Saviour, and my God;
I hear His joyful voice.

2 Down from above the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love:
This is my heavenly feast.

3 My God, my reconciléd God,
Creator of my peace:
Thee will I love, and praise, and sing,
Till life and breath shall cease.

Rev. John Mason (1634—1694), 1683. Ab.

56 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.
"*Veni, Sancte Spiritus.*"

1 COME, Holy Ghost, in love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart,
To gladden each sad heart:
O come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

4 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all *who* Christ confess,
His praise employ:

Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

Hermannus Contractus? (1013—1054),
Tr. by Rev. Ray Palmer (1808—1887), 185

157

L. M.

The two Revelations.—Ps. xix.

1 THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy Word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy power confess
But the blest volume Thou hast writ,
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars, convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world Thy truth has run
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light and feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenl light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgment right.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719. A

158

L. M.

"God's Word our Guide."

1 GOD, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known:

Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners, of a humble frame,
May taste His grace, and learn His Name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy Word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome (1717—1795), 1787. Ab. and alt. Rev. Thomas Cotterill (1779—1823), 1819. Ab.

159

L. M.

Thanks for the Gospel.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord:
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in Thy Word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well Thy blessed truths agree,
How wise and holy Thy commands;
Thy promises, how firm they be,
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the Gospel to my heart.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709. Ab.

C. M.

160 "*The Light and Glory of the Word.*"
Ps. cxix. 123. 2 Cor. iv. 4.

1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand, that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper (1731—1800), 1779. Ab.

C. M.

161 *A Lamp and a Light.*—Ps. cxix. 105. 2 Tim. iii. 16.

1 How precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given:
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to Heaven.

2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.

3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

5 This lamp, thro' all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

Rev. John Fawcett (1739—1817), 1782. Ab.

162

C. M.

The Scriptures our only Help and Guide.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to Thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in Thy written word.

2 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown:
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

3 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

4 O may Thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to Thy right hand.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709. Ab.

163 7.
"Holy Bible, Book Divine."

1 HOLY Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came,
Mine to teach me what I am.

2 Mine to chide me when I rove,
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
Light and life beyond the tomb;
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

John Burton (1773—1822), 1805. Al

164 H. M.
"The Year of Jubilee is come."

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
||: The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home. :||

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye, who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1750. Ab.

165

7. 6l.

"*Let him come unto Me.*"—JOHN vii. 37.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear:
"Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne;
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On My piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid:
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom prest
Yet again a child confest,
Never from His house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home:
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

Rev. Thomas Haweis (1732—1820), 1

166

7. 6. D.

Standing at the Door.

1 O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His Name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,

"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

Bp. William Walsham How (1823—), 1854.

167 8. 7. D.
Come to Jesus.

1 THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

2 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Rev. Frederick William Faber (1814—1863), 1849. Ab

168 8. 7. D.
"*In Everything by Prayer.*"—PHIL. iv. 6.

1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O *what* peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,

All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge!
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven (1829—1886), 1855.

169 11. 10.
"Come, ye disconsolate."

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrows that Heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrows that Heaven can-
[illegible] cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast prepared, come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but Heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore (1779—1852), 1816. Vs. 1, 2. Alt.
Thomas Hastings (1784—1872), . V. 3.

170

11. 10.
Christ giving Rest.

1 COME unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distrest,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim,
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too *rudely* pressed;

Come unto me all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Mrs. Wm. Catherine E. Esling (—), 1839. Ab.

171

L. M.

"*Return!*"—JER. xxxi. 18—20.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thine injured Father's face;
Those new desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
He heard thy deep repentant sigh,
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

5 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

Rev. William Bengo Collyer (1782—1854), 1812. Ab.

172

L. M.

Christ knocking at the Door.—CANT. v. 2. REV. iii. 20.

1 BEHOLD, a Stranger at the door;
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart, and laden hands:
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, Sin;
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

4 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest:
Admit Him, ere His anger burn;
His feet departed, ne'er return!

Rev. Joseph Grigg (—1768), 1765. Ab. and alt

173

L. M.

"The one Thing needful."—LUKE x. 42.

1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge His dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue,
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which Thy compassion spares.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1702—1751), 1755. Ab. and a[illegible]

174 L. M.
"Grieve not the Spirit."

1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control.

2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind:
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist His love to grieve,
May never hear His voice again.

5 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
O should'st thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

Mrs. Ann Bradley Hyde (1799—1872), 1824. Ab.

175 P. M.
"The Light of the World."

1 THE whole world was lost in the darkness of sin;
The Light of the world is Jesus.
Like sunshine at noonday His glory shone in,
The Light of the world is Jesus.

CHORUS.

Come to the light, 'tis shining for thee;
Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me,
Once I was blind, but now I can see:
The Light of the world is Jesus.

2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide,
The Light of the world is Jesus.
We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide,
The Light of the world is Jesus.—CHO.

3 Ye dwellers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes,
The Light of the world is Jesus.
Go, wash at His bidding, and light will arise,
The Light of the world is Jesus.—CHO.

4 No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told,
The Light of that world is Jesus.
The Lamb is the light in the City of Gold,
The Light of that world is Jesus.—CHO.

Philip P. Bliss (1838—1876).

176

P. M.
"Only Trust Him."

1 COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHORUS.

Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;

He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

Rev. John Hart Stockton (1813—1877).

177

P. M.
"*The joy of Faith.*"

1 'Tis the promise of God, full salvation to give
Unto him who on Jesus, His Son, will believe.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, 'tis done! I believe on the Son;
I am saved by the blood of the crucified One.

2 Though the pathway be lonely, and dangerous too,
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.
—CHO.

3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:—CHO.

4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing.—CHO.

5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold :—CHO.

6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises forever will be :—CHO.

Philip P. Bliss (1838—1876).

178

11.
"Delay Not!"

1 DELAY not, delay not ; O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee ;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not ; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God ?
A fountain is opened :—how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood ?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee *to-day ;*

Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb,
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

Thomas Hastings (1784—1872), 1831.

179

P. M.

The Great Physician.

1 THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
O hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest Name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
O hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.—CHO.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blesséd Saviour's Name,
I love the name of Jesus.—CHO.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear
No other Name but Jesus;

O how my soul delights to hear
The precious Name of Jesus!—CHO.

5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His Name, the Name of Jesus.—CHO.

Rev. William Hunter (—), 1844. Ab.

180

P. M.

Pleading with sinners.

1 I HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Saviour tho' earth-friends be few;
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And O that my Saviour were your Saviour too!

CHORUS.

For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
I'm praying for you.

2 I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessèd and true;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in Heaven;
But O that He'd let me bring you with me too!—CHO.

3 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And O could I know it was given to *you*!—CHO.

4 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!—CHO.

S. O'Maley Cluff (—), . Ab.

181

P. M.
Come one, come all.

1 COME to the Saviour now!
He gently calleth thee;
In true repentance bow;
Before Him bend the knee.
He waiteth to bestow
Salvation, peace and love,
True joy on earth below,
A home in heaven above,
Come, come, come!

2 Come to the Saviour now!
Ye who have wandered far,
Renew your solemn vow,
For His by right you are.
Come, like poor wandering sheep
Returning to His fold;
His arm will safely keep,
His love will ne'er grow cold.
Come, come, come!

3 Come to the Saviour, all!
Whate'er your burdens be;
Hear now His loving call—
"Cast all your care on me."

Come, and for every grief
In Jesus you will find
A sure and safe relief,
A loving Friend and kind.
Come, come, come!
John M. Wigner (—),

182

6. 4.
"To-day."

1 To-day the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam.

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
O hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
O grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.
Rev. Samuel Francis Smith (1808—), 1831.
Alt. by Thomas Hastings (1784—1872), 1831.

183

8. 7. D.
Room for Jesus.

1 Have you any room for Jesus,
He who bore your load of sin;
As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinner will you let Him in?

CHORUS.

Room for Jesus, King of glory,
Hasten now His word obey,
Swing the heart's door widely open,
Bid Him enter while you may.

2 Room for pleasure, room for business,
But for Christ the Crucified;
Not a place that He can enter,
In your heart for which He died?—CHO.

3 Have you any room for Jesus,
As in grace He calls again?
O to-day is time accepted,
To-morrow you may call in vain.—CHO.

4 Room and time now give to Jesus,
Soon will pass God's day of grace·
Soon thy heart left cold and silent,
And thy Saviour's pleading cease.—
CHO.

Anonymous. Arr. by W. W. D.

184

C. M.

"*The Saviour Calls.*"—JOHN vii. 37.

1 THE Saviour calls, let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

Miss Anne Steele (1717—1778), 1760. Ab.

185

8. 7. 4.
"Come, and welcome."

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore:
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, joined with power:
He is able, He is able,
||: He is willing, doubt no more. :||

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Lo, the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Rev. Joseph Hart (1712—1768), 1759. Ab.

186 8. 5. 8. 3.
Κόπου τε καὶ κάματον.

1 ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest!"

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

5 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till Heaven
Pass away."

Stephen of St. Sabas (725—794),
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1862. Ab.

187 7.
"*The gracious Call.*"—MATT. xi. 28—30.

1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my path your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld (1743—1825), 1792. Ab. and alt.

188 7.

"The night cometh."—JOHN ix. 4.

1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's course be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

Rev. Thomas Scott (—1776), 1773.

189 L. M.

Balm in Gilead.—JER. viii. 22.

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made:
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, *alas!* is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To cease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in His heavenly smiles, appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
And in that sacrificial flood
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

Miss Anne Steele (1716—1778), 1760. Ab. and alt.

190

P. M.

"*Come Thou with us.*"—NUMBERS x. 29.

1 WE'RE travelling home to heaven above,
Will you go? Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go? Will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road,
Will you go? Will you go?

2 We're going to see the bleeding lamb,
Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise His name,
Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
Will you go?

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
Will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
Will you go?

4 O weary, heavy-laden, come,
Will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,
Will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive;
If thou wilt on Him now believe
He will thy troubled heart relieve,
Oh, believe!

5 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again,
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow Me,
And thou shalt My salvation see,
Come to me."

Anon.

191

P. M.
The Gospel call.

1 COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now;
Just now, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now.

2 He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you, just now;

Just now he will save you,
He will save you, just now.

3 Don't reject Him, don't reject Him,
Don't reject Him, just now, etc.

4 He is ready, He is ready,
He is ready, just now, etc.

5 O believe Him, O believe Him,
O believe Him, just now, etc.

6 Do not tarry, do not tarry,
Do not tarry just now, etc.

7 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen;
Amen, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen.

Anon.

192

P. M.

"This man receiveth sinners."—LUKE xv. 2.

1 SINNERS Jesus will receive:
Sound this word of grace to all
Who the heav'nly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall.

REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er and o'er again:
Christ receiveth sinful men;
Make the message clear and plain:
Christ receiveth sinful men.

2 Come, and He will give you rest;
Trust Him, for His word is plain;
He will take the sinfulest;
Christ receiveth sinful men.—REV.

3 Now my heart condemns me not,
Pure before the law I stand;
He who cleansed me from all spot,
Satisfied its last demand.—REF.

4 Christ receiveth sinful men,
Even me with all my sin;
Purged from every spot and stain,
Heaven with Him I enter in.—REF.

Arr. from Rev. Erdmann Meister (1671—1756), 1718.

193

P. M.

To-day if ye will hear His voice.

1 JESUS is tenderly calling thee home—
Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam,
Farther and farther away!

REFRAIN.

Calling to-day, calling to-day,
Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling to-day.

2 Jesus is calling the weary to rest—
Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Bring Him thy burden and thou shalt be blest;
He will not turn thee away.—REF.

3 Jesus is waiting, O come to Him now—
Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow;
Come, and no longer delay.—REF.

4 Jesus *is pleading*, O list to His voice—
Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

They who believe on His name shall rejoice;
Quickly arise and away.—REF.

Mrs. Frances Jane Crosby Van Alstyne (1823—), 1883.

194

P. M.

Joy in Heaven.—LUKE xv. 7.

1 THERE are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels hov'ring round.

2 To carry the tidings home, etc.

3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.

4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.

5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.

6 There's glory all around, etc.

Anon.

195

9. 9. 6. 6. 6. 5.

Almost Persuaded.

1 "ALMOST persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive.
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day,
On Thee I'll call.

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away,
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
O wanderer come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past;
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;

"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad that bitter wail—
"Almost, but lost!"

Philip P. Bliss (1838–1876),

196

8. 7. D.
Christ s Forever.

1 I'VE found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He lov'd me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him.
And 'round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
Forever and forever.

2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Naught that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His forever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend;
All power to Him is given;
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
Th' eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor:
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest forever.

4 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
So kind, and true, and tender,
So *wise a* Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!

From Him, who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life or death, or earth or hell?
No; I am His forever.

Anonymous

197

P. M.
"What shall I do with Jesus."

1 WHAT shall I do with Jesus,
The Christ who may be mine?
Accept Him as my Saviour,
Or spurn the gift divine?
His only Son God gave me—
I must, I do decide;
And Christ I take to save me,
Or Christ is now denied.

CHORUS.

"What shall I do with Jesus?"
I'll give my heart to Jesus!
Upon the tree of Calvary
He gave His life for me.

2 What shall I do with Jesus,
The precious Lamb of God?
I cast my soul upon Him—
He bathes it in His blood;
I gratefully confess Him
Before the vile and just;
My ransomed powers shall bless Him,
My sure and only trust.—CHO.

3 What shall I do with Jesus,
For Him the cross I'll take;
All earthly losses suffer,
Ere I the Lord forsake.

In scenes of joy and sighing
His love shall be the same;
While living and in dying,
I'll glory in His name.—CHO.

4 What now I do with Jesus.
When this brief life is past,
With me will be remembered
Before His bar at last.
He will not then disown me
With those who hate and scoff;
At His right hand He'll crown me—
He will not cast me off.—CHO.

Rev. Sylvanus Dryden Phelps (1816—),

198

S. M.
The Issues of Life and Death.

1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1819, 1853. Ab.

199

S. M.
"*Out of the Depths.*"—Ps. cxxx.

1 OUT of the deep I call
To Thee, O Lord, to Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I fall,
Be merciful to me.

2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

3 Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious name.

Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821—1877), 1868. Ab.

200

S. M
Tears of Penitence.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see:
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep
Each sin demands a tear;
In Heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

4 Then tender be our hearts,
Our eyes in sorrow dim,
Till every tear from every eye
Is wiped away by Him.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome (1717—1795), 1787. Vs. 1, 2, 3
Rev. Henry Francis Lyte (1793—1847), 1833. V. 4.

201 L. M.

The Prayer of the Publican.—LUKE xviii. 13.

1 WITH broken heart, and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free;
O God, be merciful to me.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt opprest,
Christ and His cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

Rev. Cornelius Elven (1797—1873), 1[illegible]2.

202 L. M.

Pleading for Pardon.—Ps. li.

1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering around Thy Word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719. Ab.

203

L. M.
"*Gott rufet noch.*"

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His spirit grieve?

3 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake.

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen (1697—1769), 1730.
Tr. by Miss Jane Borthwick (1825—), 1854. Ab. and alt.

204

8. 7.
"*Take me.*"

1 TAKE me, O my Father, take me,
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That, which Thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let Thy will in me be done.

2 Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying,
Take me to Thy love, my God.

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.

4 Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely, life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

5 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee;

6 Father, take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest.

Rev. Ray Palmer (1808—1887), 1864

205

7.
After a Relapse into Sin.—HEB. x. 29.

1 DEPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserv'd for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love: I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, but loves me still.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1740. Ab.

206 7.

Rest in Christ.

1 JESUS, full of truth and love,
We Thy kindest word obey
Faithful let Thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away.

2 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life;

3 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God:

4 Lo, we come to Thee for ease,
True and gracious as Thou art;
Now our groaning soul release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1747. Ab. and alt.
Rev. John Wesley (1703—1791), 1779.

207

C. M.

Without Money and without Price.—Is. lv 1, 2.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

3 Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

4 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Rev. Isaac Watts, (1674—1748), 1709. Ab.

208

7. 6, 8. 8. 7. 7.

Ἰησοῦ γλυκύτατε.

1 JESUS, Name all names above,
Jesus, best and dearest,
Jesus, Fount of perfect love,
Holiest, tenderest, nearest;
Jesus, Source of grace completest,
Jesus, purest, Jesus, sweetest,
Jesus, Well of pow'r divine,
Make me, keep me, seal me Thine.

2 Jesus, open me the gate
Which the sinner entered,
Who, in his last dying state,
Wholly on Thee ventured;
Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,
And Thy passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise
To a home in Paradise.

3 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing, through agony,
That Thy good confession;
Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
For my evil making payment;
Let not all Thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary, be in vain.

4 When I cross death's bitter sea,
And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me
As the storm draws nigher;
Jesus, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish:
Tell me, "Verily, I say,
Thou shalt be with Me to-day."

Theoctistus of the Studium (—890),
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1862. Ab.

209

P. M.
Take me as I am.

1 JESUS, my Lord, to Thee I cry,
Unless Thou help me I must die;
O bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am.

CHORUS.

Take me as I am,
Take me as I am;
Lord, I give myself to Thee,
O take me as I am.

Helpless I am and full of guilt,
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt;
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
And take me as I am.—CHO.

I bow before Thy mercy-seat,
Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet;
Thy work begin, Thy work complete,
And take me as I am.—CHO.

If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew;
And work both in, and by me too.
And take me as I am.—CHO.

And when at last the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won;
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
O take me as I am.—CHO.

E. H. H. (—).

210 7.

At the Cross.

1 I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall Thy salvation find.

CHORUS.

I am trusting, Lord, in Thee
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow:
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine for evermore.—CHO.

3 In the promises I trust:
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.—CHO.

Rev. William McDonald (1820—), 1869. Ab.

211

L. M.

"*Just as I am.*"—JOHN vi. 37.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Miss Charlotte Elliot (1789—1871), 1836.

212 L. M.
"Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit."

JESUS Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Fully through these absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame:
Thy blood washed out the crimson stains,
And white as snow my soul remains.

When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then, this shall be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived, hath died for me."

This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years:
No age can change its constant hue;
Thy blood preserves it ever new.

O let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice:
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, Thy Blood and righteousness.

Nicolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf (1700—1760), 1739.
Tr. by Rev. John Wesley (1703—1791), 1740. Ab. and sl. alt.

213 7. 61.
"Rock of Ages."

1 ROCK *of ages*, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;

Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady (1740—1778), 1776. Sl.

214

7. 6l.

"He hath borne our Griefs."—Is. liii. 4, 5, 12.

1 SURELY Christ thy griefs hath borne;
Weeping soul, no longer mourn:
View Him bleeding on the tree:
Pouring out His life for thee:
There thy every sin He bore;
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On th' atoning sacrifice:
There th' incarnate Deity
Numbered with transgressors see;
There His Father's absence mourns,
Nailed and bruised, and crowned with thorns.

3 Cast Thy guilty soul on him,
Find Him mighty to redeem;
At His feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead His promise, trust His grace.

Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady, 1759, 1770. Ab.

215 C. P. M.

The Prayer of Faith.

1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt Thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on Thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffer'd once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And His availing blood:
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By Him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy *Maker* is thy Friend."

Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady, (1740—1778), 1759. Ab.

216 C. M. D.
The Voice from Galilee.—JOHN i. 16.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1850. Sl. alt.

217 H. M.
"*Behold the Man.*"

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
//:Before the throne my Surety stands,:||
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:—
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear,
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1742.

218

C. M.

"*A Fountain opened.*"—ZECH. xiii. 1.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
||: Lose all their guilty stains. :||

2 The *dying thief* rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;

And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this feeble, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save.

William Cowper (1731—1800), 1779. Ab. and alt.

219

H. M.

"Lord, to whom shall we go?"—JOHN vi. 68.

1 I BRING my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In Thy once open'd fount.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee;
The burden is too great for me.

2 My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read—
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

3 My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.

My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King!
Miss Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879).

220

C. M.
"*Majestic Sweetness.*"

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
||: His lips with grace o'erflow. :||

2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 To Heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, *they* should all be Thine.
Rev. Samuel Stennett (1725—1795), 1782. Ab.

221

C. M.
Singing for Joy.

1 I've found the pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must; for Christ is mine,
Christ shall my song employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest and King,
A Prophet full of light,
My great High-Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings;
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

4 Christ is my Peace; He died for me,
For me He gave His blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered Himself to God.

5 Christ Jesus is my All in all,
My Comfort and my Love,
My Life below, and He shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

Rev. John Mason (1634—1694), 1683. Ab. and alt.

222

S. M. D.
Lost but found.

1 I was a wand'ring sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled:
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1844. Ab.

223 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.
Jesus hath died.

1 No, NOT despairingly
Come I to Thee;
No, not distrustingly
Bend I the knee.
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.

2 Lord, I confess to Thee,
Sadly, my sin;
All I am tell I Thee,
All I have been.
Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day;
Lord, make me clean.

3 Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou
When poor ones call.
Lord, let the cleansing blood—
Blood of the Lamb of God—
Pass o'er my soul.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889). Ab.

224

P. M.

Coming to Jesus.

1 I HEAR Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to Thee
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Tho' coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.—CHO.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.—CHO.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blesséd work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.—CHO.

5 *And* He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,

That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.—CHO.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!—
CHO.

Rev. Lewis Hartsough (1828—),

225 P. M.
Joy of the Angels.—LUKE XV. 10.

1 RING the bells of Heaven! there is joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild;
See! the Father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming His weary, wandering child.

CHORUS.

Glory! glory! how the angels sing;
Glory! glory! how the loud harps ring;
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For the wanderer now is reconciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born a-new, a ransomed child.—
CHO.

3 Ring the bells of heaven; spread the feast to-day,
Angels, swell the glad triumphant strain!
Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far away!
For a precious soul is born again.—CHO.

Rev. William Orcutt Cushing (1823—),

226 7. 6. D.
"Tell me the old, old Story."

1 TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

CHORUS.

||: Tell me the old, old story, :||
Tell me the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.—CHO.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.—CHO.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.

Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."—
CHO.

Miss Kate Hankey. 1865.

227 P. M.
"Whiter than snow."—Ps. li. 7.

1 LORD JESUS, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever, to live in my soul;
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—CHO.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—CHO.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart *create;*

To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st No—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—CHO.

James Nicholson (—), 1872.

228 C. P. M.

Death and Judgment anticipated.

1 LO, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure,
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1749. Ab. and alt. V. 4.

229 P. M.
"*Words of Life.*"—JOHN vi. 63.

1 SING them over again to me,
Wonderful words of Life;
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of Life.
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty;

REFRAIN.

||:Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life:||

2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
Wonderful words of Life;
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of Life.
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven.—REF.

3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of Life;
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of Life.
Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify forever.—REF.

Philip P. Bliss. (1838—1876).

230 7. 6. D.
"*We cannot but speak.*"—ACTS iv. 20.

1 I LOVE to tell the story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.—CHO.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat,
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation,
From God's own holy word.—CHO.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best,
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long.—CHO.

Miss Kate Hankey, 1867.

231 8. 7. D.
Grateful Recollection.

1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;

Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fix'd upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

Rev. Robert Robinson (1735—1790), 1757.

232

8. 7. 7. 7.

1 I WILL love Thee, all my Treasure;
I will love Thee, all my Strength;
I will love Thee without measure,
And will love Thee right at length:
I will love Thee, Light divine,
Till I die and find Thee mine.

2 I will *praise* Thee, Sun of glory,
For Thy beams have gladness brought;

I will praise Thee, will adore Thee,
For the light I vainly sought;
Praise Thee that Thy words so blest
Spake my sin-sick soul to rest.

3 I will love in joy or sorrow,
Crowning joy! will love Thee well;
I will love to-day, to-morrow,
While I in this body dwell:
I will love Thee, Light divine,
Till I die, and find Thee mine.

Johann Angelus Silesius (1624—1677), 1657.
Tr. by Miss Jane Borthwick (1813—), 1854. Ab.

233

S. M.
"*Saving Grace.*"—EPH. ii. 5.

1 GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in Heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1702—1751), 1755.

234

S. M.
"*The Song of Moses and the Lamb.*"—REV. xv. 3.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;

Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's Name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blesséd children, come;"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Rev. William Hammond (—1743), 1745. Ab. and alt.
Rev. Martin Madan (1726—1790), 1760. First 5 vs.

235 L. M.

"*The Loving-Kindness of the Lord*"—Is. lxiii. 7.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, is so free.
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, is so free.

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness is so great.
His loving-kindness, &c.

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness is so strong.
His loving-kindness, &c.

4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.
His loving-kindness, &c.

5 Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.
His loving-kindness, &c.

Rev. Samuel Medley (1738—1799), 1787. Ab.

236

L. M.
The new Joy.

1 TREMBLING before Thine awful throne,
O Lord, in dust my sins I own;
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend; O smile, and heal the strife.

2 The Saviour smiles; upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll;
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

3 Earth has a joy unknown to Heaven,
The new-born peace of sins forgiven;
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

4 Ye saw of old, on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

5 Bright heralds of the Eternal Will,
Abroad His errands ye fulfil;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in His presence play.

6 Loud is the song, the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

7 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
Ye on your harps must learn to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

Augustus Lucas Hillhouse (1792—1859), 1822.

237

8. 7. 4.

"Bless the Lord, O my Soul."—Ps. ciii.

1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring,
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;

Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte (1793—1847), 1834. Ab. and alt.
Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821—1877), 1861.

238 7. D.

"*To live is Christ, and to die is Gain.*"—PHIL. i. 21.

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the Ground,
Christ, the Spring of all my joy,
Still in Thee may I be found,
Still for Thee my powers employ.
Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fulness give:
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it, "Christ to live."

2 When I touch the blessèd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll:
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from Thee my ravished soul.
Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it, "Christ to live,"
Let me know it, "Gain to die."

3 Gain, to part from all my grief;
Gain, to bid my sins farewell;
Gain, of all my gains the chief,
Ever with the Lord to dwell:

This Thy people's portion, Lord,
Peace on earth, and bliss on high;
This their ever-sure reward,
"Christ to live, and gain to die."

Rev. Ralph Wardlaw (1779—1853), 1817

239

7. 6l.
"Only Thee."

1 BLESSED Saviour, Thee I love,
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in Thee abide,
Thou my Hope, and naught beside;
Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away;
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows, let me see
Jesus, crucified for me.

3 From beneath that thorny crown
Trickle drops of cleansing down;
Pardon from Thy piercéd hand
Now I take, while here I stand;
Only then I live to Thee,
When Thy wounded side I see.

4 Blessed Saviour, Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die,
Height or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee.

Rev. George Duffield (1818—1888), 1853.

240

7. 61.
Happy Trust.

1 SAVIOUR, happy would I be,
If I could but trust in Thee;
Trust Thy wisdom me to guide;
Trust Thy goodness to provide;
Trust Thy saving love and power;
Trust Thee every day and hour:

2 Trust Thee as the only light
In the darkest hour of night;
Trust in sickness, trust in health;
Trust in poverty and wealth;
Trust in joy, and trust in grief;
Trust Thy promise for relief:

3 Trust Thy blood to cleanse my soul;
Trust Thy grace to make me whole;
Trust Thee living, dying, too;
Trust Thee all my journey through;
Trust Thee till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

Rev. Edwin Henry Nevin (1814—1839), :8 7.

241

L. M. 61.
Wrestling Jacob.—GEN. xxxii. 24.

1 COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell Thee who I am?
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face and live;
In vain I have not wept and strove,
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

4 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1742. Ab

242

C. M.

"*Jesu, dulcis memoria.*"—Rev. xxii. 4.

1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux (1091—1153), 1149.
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall (1814—1878), 1849.

243

C. M.
"O Deus, ego amo Te."

1 My God, I love Thee: not because
I hope for Heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Must die eternally.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,
And manifold disgrace;

3 And griefs, and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
Yea, death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blesséd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning Heaven,
Nor of escaping hell.

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovéd me,
O ever-loving Lord.

6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

Francis Xavier (1506—1552), 1552.
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall, (1814—1878), 1849. Sl. alt.

244

C. M.
The sweet Name.

1 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Rev. John Newton (1725—1807), 1779.

245

C. M.

"O Jesus Christus, wachs in mir."

1 O JESUS CHRIST, grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede;
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
From sin be daily freed.

2 Each day, let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
Thy life my death efface.

3 In Thy bright beams, which on me fall,
Fade every evil thought;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

4 Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim,
O, make me daily, through Thy grace,
More worthy of Thy Name.

5 Let faith in Thee and in Thy might
My every motive move;

Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
My passion and my love.

Rev. Johann Casp r Lavater (1741—1801), 1780.
Tr. by Mrs. Elizabeth Lee Smith (1817—), 1869. Ab.

246

8. 7. D.
"I'm a Miracle of Grace."

1 HAIL, my ever-blesséd Jesus!
Only Thee I wish to sing;
To my soul Thy Name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King;
O, what mercy flows from Heaven,
O, what joy and happiness!
Love I much, I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay,
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.
Witness, all ye host of Heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness.
Love I much, I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace!

3 Shout, ye bright, angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above,
While, astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.
That blest moment I received Him
Filled my soul with joy and peace
Love I much, I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

John Wingrove (1720—1793), 1785.

247

8. 7. D.
Praise for pardoning Grace.

1 LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows,

For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows.
Help, O God, my weak endeavor,
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away.
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless.
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Francis Scott Key (1779—1843). 1857.

248 S. M.

"*We are the Lord's.*"—ROM. xiv. 8.

1 JESUS, I live to Thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes Heaven forever mine.

Rev. Henry Harbaugh (1818—1867), 1850.

249

P. M.
"Schönster Herr Jesu."

1 FAIREST Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nature,
O Thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring:
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And the twinkling, starry host:
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels Heaven can boast.

Unknown Author of the 12th century.

250

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.
"My Faith looks up to Thee."

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:

Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Rev. Ray Palmer (1808—1887), 1830.

51 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.
"*Jesus, my Lord!*"

1 JESUS, Thy Name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
O Thou art all to me;
Nothing to please I see,

Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my Refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 Soon Thou wilt come again:
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

James George Deck (1802—1883), 1837. Ab.

252

C. M.

Converting Grace.

1 O GIFT of gifts! O grace of faith!
My God, how can it be
That Thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

2 How many hearts Thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine,
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of Thine!

3 Ah, grace, into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
darkest spots a home.

4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

5 O happy, happy that I am!
Of Thou canst be, O faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

Rev. Frederick William Faber (1814—1863), 1848. Ab.

253

C. M.

Converting Grace commemorated.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.

3 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1740. Ab.

254

7. 51.

"*The Crucified.*"

1 ASK ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?

What the high reward I win?
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

2 What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 Who is Life in life to me?
Who the Death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so:
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy (1804—1863), 1863.

255 C. P. M.
"Love Divine."

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor, stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine :
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

3 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice,
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1749. Ab.

256 C. P. M.
"*The Matchless Worth.*"—Ps. lxvi. 2.

1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine ;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne ;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

Rev Samuel Medley (1738—1799), 1789. Ab.

257

P. M.

Jesus paid it all.

1 I HEAR the Saviour say,
"Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all."

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He wash'd it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.—CHO.

3 For nothing good have I?
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—CHO.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—CHO.

5 *And* when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,

I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.—CHO.

Mrs. Elvina Mabel Myers (1818—), 1865.

258

11.
Altogether lovely.

1 MY JESUS, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2 I love Thee, because Thou has first lovèd me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
And say, when the death dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight
I'll ever adore Thee in Heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

London Hymn Book, 1[illegible]

259 P. M.
The cleansing stream.

1 O, NOW I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to His wounded side.

CHORUS.

The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and O, it cleanseth me!
O praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood;
It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.—CHO.

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.—CHO.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.—CHO.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer (1802—1874), 1872.

260 S. M.
"*I bless the Christ of God.*"

1 I BLESS the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in His tomb

Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of grace;
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

4 'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because He loveth me,
I live because He lives.

5 My life with Him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1863. Ab.

51

5. 8. 5.

"Jesu, geh voran."

1 JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless:
Guide us by Thy hand
||: To our Father-land. :||

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
||: To our home we go. :||

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;

Show us that bright shore,
||: Where we weep no more. :||

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
||: In our Fatherland. :||

Nicolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf (1700—1760), 1721.
Tr. by Miss Jane Borthwick (1813—), 1854. Sl. alt.

262

5. 8. 5.
"Wer ist wohl wie Du?"

1 JESUS, who can be
Once compared with Thee!
Source of rest and consolation,
Life and light, and full salvation;
Son of God, with Thee
None compared can be!

2 Thou hast died for me,
From all misery
And distress me to deliver,
And from death to save forever;
I am by Thy blood
Reconciled to God.

3 Grant me steadiness,
Lord, to run my race,
Following Thee with love most tender,
So that Satan may not hinder
Me by craft or force;
Further Thou my course.

4 When I hence depart,
Strengthen Thou my heart;
Where Thou art, O Lord, convey me,
In Thy righteousness array me,

That at Thy right hand
Joyful I may stand.

Rev. Johann Anastasius Freylinghausen (1670—1739), 1713.
Tr. by Rev. John Gambold (1711—1771), 1754. Ab. and alt.

263

7. 6. D.
The Pilgrims of Jesus.

1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head.
O happy, if ye labor
As Jesus did for men:
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.

2 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.
The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all trouble
To Him alone will turn:

3 What are they but forerunners
To lead you to His sight?
What are they save th' effluence
Of uncreated Light?
The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure:

4 What are they, but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to Heaven on earth?

O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies;
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

Joseph of the Studium (808—883),
Rev. John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1862. Sl. alt.

264

8. 7. D.
"Gently, Lord."

1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Through the trials yet decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings (1784—1872), 1830, 1850, 1859.

265

8. 7. 4.
Prayer for Guidance.

1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand;
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 *Open* now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;

Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

Rev. Peter Williams (1719—1796), 1771. V. 1.
Rev. William Williams (1717—1791), 1773. Ab.

66

6. 6. 8. 6. 8. 7.
"On our Way to God."—Heb. xi. 14.

1 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

2 Our toils and conflicts cease
On Canaan's happy shore;
We there shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

3 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

Rev. Thomas Kelly (1769—1855), 1820

267

6. 6. 8. 6. 8. 7.
Pressing onward.

1 THIS is the day of toil
Beneath earth's sultry noon;
This is the day of service true,
But the rest cometh soon.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
There remains a rest for us.

2 Onward we press in haste,
Upward our journey still;
Ours is the path the Master trod,
Through good report and ill.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
There remains a rest for us.

3 The way may rougher grow,
The weariness increase;
We gird our loins, and hasten on;
The end, the end is peace.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
There remains a rest for us.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1866. Ab.

268

C. M.
Jacob's Vow.—GEN. xxviii. 20—22.

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand,
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1702—1751), 1737.
Michael Bruce (1746—1767), 1781. Alt.

269

C. M.

Heavenly Hope.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my All.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709.

270

C. M.

The High-way to Zion.—Is. xxxv. 8—10.

1 SING, ye redeeméd of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

3 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, crying and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue His footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While laboring up the hill.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, (1702—1751), 1755.

271

7. D.

Numbered with God's Sons.

1 BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

2 God did love them in His Son,
Long before the world begun;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth,
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1702—1751), 1737.
Michael Bruce (1746—1767), 1781. Alt.

269

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And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my All.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709.

270

C. M.
The High-way to Zion.—Is. xxxv. 8—10.

1 SING, ye redeeméd of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till [illegible] sacred mount you rise,
[illegible] your smiling God.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

5 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee;
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady (1740—1778), 1772. Ab.

274

7. 6. D.
"Rise, my Soul."

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Towards Heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul, that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1702—1751), 1737.
Michael Bruce (1746—1767), 1781. Alt.

269

C. M.
Heavenly Hope.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my All.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709.

270

C. M.
The High-way to Zion.—Is. xxxv. 8—10.

1 SING, ye redeeméd of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

We shall meet around His throne,
When He makes his people one
||: In the new:|| Jerusalem.

2 We can see that distant home,
Though clouds rise dark between;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a lustre flashes keen
||: From the new:|| Jerusalem.

3 O glory shining far
From the never-setting Sun,
O trembling morning-star,
Our journey's almost done
||:To the new:|| Jerusalem.

4 O holy, heavenly home,
O rest eternal there:
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care
||: In the new:|| Jerusalem.

5 Our hearts are breaking now
Those mansions fair to see
O Lord, Thy heavens bow,
And raise us up with Thee
||:To the new:|| Jerusalem.

Rev. Charles Beecher (1819—), 1855.

277 10. 10. 11. 12.

"*Lay Hold on eternal Life.*"—1 TIM. vi. 12.

1 BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when night is *long*est;
Onward and onward still be thine en*deavor*;
He that remaineth, endureth forever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian, Heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised faltereth never;
O trust in the love that endureth forever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth;
Nothing thy soul from the Saviour shall sever;
Soon shalt thou mount upward to praise Him forever.

Joseph Stammers (1801—), 1830. Alt.

278 10.
"*Worn and Weary.*"

1 My feet are worn and weary with the march
O'er the rough road and up the steep hillside;
O City of our God, I fain would see
Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

2 My garments, travel-worn and stained with dust,
Oft rent by briers and thorns that crowd my way,
Would fain be made, O Lord, my Righteousness,
Spotless and white in Heaven's unclouded ray.

3 *My heart is* weary of its own deep sin:
Sinning, repenting, sinning still again;
When shall my soul Thy glorious presence feel,

And find, dear Saviour, it is free from stain?

4 Patience, poor soul! the Saviour's feet were worn,
The Saviour's heart and hands were weary, too;
His garments stained and travel-worn, and old,
His vision blinded with a pitying dew.

5 Love thou the path of sorrow that He trod;
Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest;
O City of our God, we soon shall see
Thy jasper walls, home of the loved and blest.

Mrs. Sarah Roberts Boyle (1812—186), 1853.

279

10. 4.
"*Homeward Bound.*"

1 OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode.
Promise of which on us each He bestowed,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

2 *Wildly* the storm sweeps us on as it roars;
We're homeward bound;

Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores;
We're homeward bound;
Steady! O pilot, stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale;
O how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail;
We're homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heaven we now glide,
We're home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

Anonymous. 1853.

280

9. 11. 10. 10.

"*Strangers and Pilgrims.*"—HEB. xi. 13.

1 I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry, but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing.

REFRAIN.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry, but a night.

2 There the glory is ever shining:
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there:
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.

—REF.

3 There's the City to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light:

There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.—
REF.

Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana (1810—), 1841. Alt.

281

7.
"Travelling Home."

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Rev. John Cennick (1717—1755), 1742. Ab.

282

7.
"Faint not, Christians."

1 *FAINT not,* Christian, though the road,
Leading to thy blest abode,
Darksome be, and dangerous, too;
Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through.

2 Faint not, Christian, though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurled ;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

3 Faint not, Christian, though within
There's a heart so prone to sin ;
Christ, the Lord, is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

4 Faint not, Christian, look on high ;
See the harpers in the sky :
Patient, wait, and thou wilt join
Chant with them of love divine.

Rev. James Harrington Evans (1785—1849), 1833. Ab

283 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.
"Strangers and Pilgrims."—HEB. xi. 13.

1 I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home ;
Earth is a desert drear—
Heaven is my home ;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand ;
Heaven is my fatherland
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home ;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home ;
Time's wild and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast ;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home ;

I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

Rev. Thomas Ramson Taylor (1807—1835), 1834. Ab.

284

8. 7. D.
Jordan's Strand.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them, as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger;

CHORUS.

For, O we stand on Jordan's strand;
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
"Let every lamp be burning:"—CHO.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing:—CHO.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come!" and there's our home,
Forever, O forever:—CHO.

Rev. David Nelson (1793—1844), 1835.

285 6. 5. D.
The Guiding Banner.

1 BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'rers onward
To their home on high;
Journeying o'er a desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
Still with hearts united,
Singing on our way.

Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

2 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
Bid Thine angels shield us,
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, &c.

3 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams, &c.

Rev. Thomas Joseph Potter (1825—1873), 1862. Ab.

286 6. 5. D.
"*Forward into Light!*"—Ex. xiv. 15.

1 FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight:
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light!

2 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth;
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours;
Flash the walls with jasper,
Shine the streets with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold;

Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

Rev. Henry Alford (1810—1871), 1865. Ab. and a't.

287 6. 5. D.
"*Onward, Christian Soldiers.*"

1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God:
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, &c.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;

We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, &c.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song:
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ our King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.
Onward, &c.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould (1834—), 1865. Ab. and sl.

288

6. 5. D.

Οὐ γὰρ βλέπεις τοὺς ταράττοντας.

1 CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy cross.

2 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, say but boldly,
"While I breathe I pray."
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

3 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;

Thou art very weary,
I was weary, too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

St. Andrew of Crete (660—732).
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale (1818—1866) 1862. Ab.

289

L. M.
"*The good Fight.*"—1 Tim. vi. 12.

1 FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
||:Thy joy and crown eternally.:||

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
||:Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.:||

3 Cast care aside, upon thy guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
||:Christ is its life, and Christ its love.:||

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear:
Only believe, and thou shalt see
||:That Christ is all in all to thee.:||

Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811—1875), 1862.

290

L. M.
"*March boldly on.*"

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;

March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate:
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709. Ab. and alt.

291

L. M.

Walking by Faith.

1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at Heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abr'am, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

292

S. M.

"*The whole Armor.*"—EPH. vi.11—18.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

5 To keep your armor bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1749. Ab.

293

L. M. D

"*Arm these Thy Soldiers.*"

1 ARM these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
With shield of faith and Spirit's sword;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of the cross unfurled,
And by it overcome the world;
And so at last receive from Thee
The palm and crown of victory.

2 Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;
May each a living temple be,
Hallowed for ever, Lord, to Thee:
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

Bp Christopher Wordsworth (1807—1885), 1863. Ab.

294

S. M.

"*Be on thy guard.*"

1 My soul be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou receive thy crown,

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

Rev. George Heath (1745?—1822), 1781.

295

S. M.

"*Keep the charge of the Lord.*"—Lev viii. 35.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Rev. Charles Wesley, (1708—1788), 1762.

296

S. M.
"Weigh not thy Life."

1 My soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown,
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Maintain the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfil:
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

Rev. Leonard Swain (1821—1869), 1858. Sl. alt.

297 7. 7. 7. 3.
"*Watch and pray.*"—MARK xiv. 38. COL. iv. 2.

1 CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.

2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with warning voice exclaim:
Watch and pray.

4 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

Miss Charlotte Elliott (1789—1871), 1859. Ab. and alt.

298 7.
"*He that overcometh.*"—REV. iii. 21.

1 SOLDIERS, who are Christ's below,
Strong in faith resist the foe:
Boundless is the pledged reward
Unto them who serve the Lord.

2 'Tis no palm of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives;
Joys are his, serene and pure,
Light, that ever shall endure.

3 For the souls that overcome,
Waits the beauteous heavenly home,
Where the Blessèd evermore
Tread, on high, the starry floor.

4 Passing soon, and little worth,
Are the things that tempt on earth;
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard;
God Himself is thy Reward.

5 Father, Who the crown dost give,
Saviour, by Whose death we live,
Spirit, Who our hearts dost raise,
Three in One, Thy Name we praise.

Paris Breviary, 1736.
Tr. by Rev. J. H. Clark (—), .

299

C. M.

"*Quit you like Men.*"—1 Cor. xvi. 13.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
||: Or blush to speak his name?:||

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
||: And sailed through bloody seas?:||

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
||: To help me on to God?:||

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
||: Supported by Thy word. :||

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They *view* the triumph from afar,
//: *And* seize it with their eye. :\\

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
||: The glory shall be Thine. :||

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1720.

300

C. M.

Pressing on.—PHIL. iii. 12—14.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye :—

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1702—1751), 1755.

301

7. 6. D.

"*Go forward, Christian Soldier.*"

1 GO FORWARD, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true ;

The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue,
His love foretells thy trials,
He knows thine hourly need;
He can, with bread of heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more are o'er thee watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ, thy Captain,
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices,
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And Heaven is all possest;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear, in endless glory,
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy shelter,
The Lord will be thy light;
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past;
O pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last.

Rev. Lawrence Tuttiett (1825—).

302 S. M.
Marching on.

1 REJOICE, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King.

2 Your clear hosannas raise,
And allelulias loud;
While answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense-cloud.

3 Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day.

4 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find the Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

5 Then on, ye pure in heart;
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King.

Rev. Edward Hayes Plumptre (1821—), . Ab.

303 7. 6. D.
"Stand up, stand up for Jesus!"

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Rev. George Duffield (1818—1888), 1858. Ab.

304

P. M.
"*A Mighty Fortress.*"

1 A MIGHTY Fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our Helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;

His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth is His Name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure:
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still,
His Kingdom is for ever.

Rev. Martin Luther (1483—1546), 1527.
Tr. by Rev. Frederick Henry Hedge (1805—), 1852.

305 P. M.
Marching to Victory.

WE march, we march to victory,
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,
And His holy arm spread o'er us,
His holy arm spread o'er us.

1 We come in the might of the Lord of light,
A joyful host to meet Him;
And we put to flight the armies of night,
||: That the sons of the day may greet Him. :||
We march, we march to victory,
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,
And His holy arm spread o'er us,
His holy arm spread o'er us.

2 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Zion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
||: And burst the bars of iron. :||
We march, we march, &c.

3 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above,
||: And His holy arm spread o'er us. :||
We march, we march, &c.

Rev. Gerard Moultrie (1839—), 1867. Ab.

306 8. 5. D.
Rev. ii. 25.

1 Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

CHORUS.

"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still,
Wave the answer back to Heaven—
"By Thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on:
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.—CHO.

3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow;
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.—CHO.

4 Fierce and loud the battle rages,
But our Help is near:
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!—CHO.

Philip P. Bliss, 1870.

307 P. M.
God speed the Right.

1 Now to Heaven our prayer ascending,
God speed the right;
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right.
Be our zeal in Heaven recorded,
With success on Earth rewarded,
//:God speed the right.:\\

2 Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right;
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right.
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory,
||: God speed the right. :||

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.
Pain, nor toil, nor trial heeding,
In the strength of Heaven succeeding—
||: God speed the right. :||

4 Still their outward course pursuing,
God speed the right!
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right!
Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
||: God speed the right!:||

W. E. Hickson (—), .

308

L. M. D.
Stand up for Jesus.

1 STAND up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!
Beat back the waves of sin that roll,
Like raging floods, around thy soul.

CHORUS.

Stand up for Jesus, nobly stand!
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!
Stand up, His righteous cause defend;
Stand up for Jesus your best Friend.

2 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Sound forth His name o'er sea and land!
Spread ye His glorious word abroad.
Till all the world shall own Him Lord!—
CHO.

3 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand!
Till heathen lands with wondering eye,
Its rising glory shall descry.—CHO.

4 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest immortal band
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light on Heaven's bright
shore.—CHO.

R. Torrey, Jr. (—).

L. M.

309 *Not ashamed of Jesus.*—ROM. i. 16. HEB. ii. 11.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of Heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Rev. Joseph Grigg (—1768), 1765. Ab. and alt.
Rev. Benjamin Francis (1734—1799), 1787.

310

L. M.

"*Take up thy Cross.*"—MATT. xvi. 24.

1 TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel:
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only He who bears the cross
May hope to wear the starry crown.

Rev. Charles William Everest (1814—1877) 1833. Ab. and alt.

311

C. M.

No Cross, no Crown.

1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!

But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

Thomas Shepherd (1665—1739), 1692. Vs. 1. Alt.
Prof. George Nelson Allen (1812—1877), 1849. Vs. 2, 3.
Plymouth Collection, 1855. Vs. 4.

312

C. M.

Christ our Example.—JOHN xiii. 15.

1 LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for Heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry
Father, Thy will be done.

4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,

O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to Heaven.

Rev. John Hampden Gurney (1802—1862), 1838. Ab.

313

C. M.

"*I am not ashamed.*"—2 TIM. i. 12.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I known His Name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709.

314

8. 7.

"*In the Cross of Christ I Glory.*"—GAL. vi. 14.

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,

From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring (1792—1872), 1825.

315

8. 7.
Hasting on.

1 TAKE, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

2 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer:
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

4 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte (1793—1847), 1824. Ab.

316

8. 7.
"Follow Me."

1 JESUS calls us: o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Softly, clearly—"Follow Me."

2 Jesus calls us, from the evil
In a world we cannot flee,
From each idol that would keep us,
Softly, clearly—"Follow Me."

3 Still in joy and still in sadness
We discern our own decree;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
Softly, clearly—"Follow Me."

4 Thou dost call us! may we ever
To Thy call attentive be;
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Rise, leave all, and follow Thee.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1823—), 1858. Ab. and alt.

317

8. 7. D.

"*Leaving All.*"—MARK X. 28.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, henceforth, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes *may hate*, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father;
I have stayed my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gath
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, 1824. St.

318

C. P. M.

"Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein."

1 FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power;
What tho' your courage sometimes fai
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs
Leave it to Him, our Lord.
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise:
He girdeth on His sword!

3 As true as God's own Word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.

A jest and byword are they grown :
God is with us ; we are His own ;
Our victory cannot fail.

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer !
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare ;
Fight for us once again !
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

Gustavus Adolphus (1594—1632), 1631. In prose.
Rev. Jacob Fabricius (1593—1654), 1631. In verse.
Tr. by Miss Catherine Winkworth (1827—1878), 1855. Alt.

319

C. P. M.

Casting our Care on God.—1 PET. v. 7.

1 O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest ;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

2 How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms ;
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine almighty arms !

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer ;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

4 We cannot trust Him as we should ;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away ;

But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

Prof. Joseph Anstice (1808—1836), 1836.

320

7. D.

"Jesus, Lover of my Soul."

1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows nearer roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo, on Thee I cast my care.
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,

Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1740. Sl. alt.

321 P. M.

Leaving all with Jesus.

1 I LEFT it all with Jesus long ago,
All my sins I brought Him, and my woe;
When by faith I saw Him on the tree,
Heard His small, still whisper, "'Tis for thee,"
||: From my heart the burden rolled away!
Happy day! ||:

2 I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows
How to steal the bitter from life's woes;
How to *gild the* tear-drop with His smile,
Make the desert garden bloom awhile.

||: When my weakness leaneth on His might
All seems light. :||

3 I leave it all with Jesus, day by day ;
Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may ;
Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest
In the calm, sure haven of His breast:
||: Love esteems it Heaven to abide
At His side. :||

4 O leave it all with Jesus, drooping soul !
Tell not half thy story, but the whole,
Worlds on worlds are hanging on His hand,
Life and death are waiting His command;
||: Yet His tender bosom makes thee room—
O come home. :||

Mrs. Ellen H. Willis (—), .

322

L. M. 61.
The solid Rock.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;
I dare not trust the sweetest fame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to vail His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail ;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 *His* oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood :

When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rev. Edward Mote (1797—1874), 1834. Ab.

323 P. M.

The peace that passeth understanding.

1 WHEN peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.—CHO.

3 My sins—O the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.—CHO.

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith *shall* be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,

The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
"Even so"—it is well with my soul.
—CHO.

H. G. Spafford (—),

324

11. 6. 6. 6. 5.
"The Lord will provide."

1 IN some way or other the Lord will provide:
It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
And yet, in His own way,
"The Lord will provide."

2 At some time or other the Lord will provide:
It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time,
And yet, in His own time,
"The Lord will provide."

3 Despond then no longer; the Lord will provide:
And this be the token,
No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken;
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly, the sea shall divide:
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

Mrs. Martha Walker Cook (1807—1874), c. 1864.

325 P. M.
JOHN XV. 5.

1 I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

REFRAIN.

I need Thee, O I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
Oh bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.—REF.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.—REF.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.—REF.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son.—REF.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawkes (—),

326 P. M.
HEB. X. 25.

1 BLESSED assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

CHORUS.

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.—CHO.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
—CHO.

Mrs. Frances Jane Crosby Van Alstyne (1823—), 1873.

327 P. M.
Always with us.

1 FAR out on the desolate billow,
The sailor sails the sea.
Alone with the night and the tempest,
Where countless dangers be.

CHORUS.

Yet, never alone is the Christian,
Who lives by faith and prayer;
For God is a Friend unfailing,
And God is everywhere.

2 Far down in the earth's dark bosom,
The miner mines the ore;
Death lurks in the dark behind him,
And hides in the rock before.—CHO.

3 Forth into the dreadful battle
The steadfast soldier goes,
No friend, when he lies a dying
His eyes to tenderly close.—CHO.

4 Lord, grant as we sail life's ocean,
Or delve in its mines of woe;
Or fight in its terrible conflict,
This comfort all to know.
That never, &c.

Rossiter W. Raymond (—),

328

L. M.
God our Refuge.—Ps. xlvi.

1 GOD is the Refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, Thy holy Word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719. Ab and alt

329

L. M.

"The Lord reigneth."—Ps. xcvii.

1 THE Lord is King: lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye Heavens rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King: who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King: child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.

4 O, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

Josiah Conder (1789—1855), 1824. Ab.

330

L. M.

Divine protection.—Ps. cxxi.

1 HE lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The Heavens with all their hosts He made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

2 He guides our feet, He guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

3 *Israel*, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;

The holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.

4 On thee foul spirits have no power;
And, in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719. Ab.

331

C. M.
"A calm, a thankful Heart."

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Miss Anne Steele (1716–1778), 1760. Ab. and sl. alt.

332

C. M.
"Sweet Will of God."

1 I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God,
And all Thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.

2 I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet:
I cannot fear Thee, blessed Will,
Thine empire is so sweet.

3 I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine,

4 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

5 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

Rev. Frederick William Faber (1814—1863), 1849. Ab.

333

C. M.

The inner Calm.

1 CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

2 Calm me, my God and keep me calm;
Let Thine outstretchéd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

3 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

4 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

5 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy Name.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—), 1857. Ab.

334

C. M.

The Mysteries of Providence.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper (1731—1800), 1774.

335 C. M.
Happiness only in God.—Ps. lxxiii. 25.

1 My God, my Portion, and my Love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but Thee in Heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without Thy graces and Thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

3 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of Thy face,
And I desire no more.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709. Ab.

336 8. 7.
Never-failing Goodness.

1 The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.

2 Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821—1877), 1868. Ab.

337 C. M 61.
"My Times are in Thy Hand."—Ps. xxxi. 15.

1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see:
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

3 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

4 In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free:
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Miss Anna Lætitia Waring (1820—), 1850. Ab. and alt.

338 C. M. D.
Habitual devotion.

1 WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the powers of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see:
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on Thee.

Miss Helen Maria Williams (1762—1827), 1786.

339 11.
"I will fear no Evil."—Ps. xxiii. 4.

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall
I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I
rest;

He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1822.

340 11.
"Faint, yet pursuing."

1 THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on *our* way;

The Lord is our Leader, His Word is our stay;
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? our help is in God.

3 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our Light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our Might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home.

Rev. John Nelson Darby (1800—1882), 1858. Ab.

341

S. M.

The Lord our Shepherd.—Ps. xxiii.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim ;
And guides me, in His own right way,
For His most holy Name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719. Ab.

342

S. M.

Casting Care on God.—1 PET. v. 7.

1 WHERE wilt thou put thy trust ?
In a frail form of clay,
That to its element of dust
Must soon resolve away ?

2 Where wilt thou cast thy care ?
Upon an erring heart,
Which hath its own sore ills to bear,
And shrinks from sorrow's dart ?

3 No, place thy trust above
This shadowy realm of night,
In Him, whose boundless power and love
Thy confidence invite.

4 His mercies still endure
When skies and stars grow dim,
His changeless promise standeth sure ;
Go, cast thy care on Him.

Mrs. Lydia Howard Huntley Sigourney (1791—1865), 1845. Ab.

343

C. M.

Light in Darkness.

1 *My God, the* Spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,

The Glory of my brightest days,
And Comfort of my nights:

2 In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,
And He my rising Sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe:
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709.

344

6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

"*Nearer, my God, to Thee.*"—GEN. xxviii. 10—12.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee:
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;

Yet in my dreams I'd be
||: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :||
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
||: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :||
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
||: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :||
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
||: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :||
Nearer to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams (1805—1848), 1840.

345 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.
"*More Love to Thee!*"—JOHN xxi. 17.

1 MORE love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee:
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
||: More love to Thee :||

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
||: More love to Thee !:||

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
||: More love to Thee !:||

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
||: More love to Thee !:||

Mrs. Elizabeth Payson Prentiss (1819—1878), 1869.

346

C. M.

"*A closer Walk.*"—GEN. v. 24. 1 JOHN ii. 6.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper (1731—1800), 1774. Ab.

347

C. M.

"Let us Return."—Hos. vi. 1—4.

1 LONG hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

2 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

3 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;

4 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

Rev. John Morrison (1749—1798), 1781. Ab.

348

C. M.

Panting for God.—Ps. xlii.

1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, the Lord, the living Lord,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none so blest as I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find Him still
Thy health's eternal Spring.

Tate and Brady, 1696. Alt.
Rev. Henry Francis Lyte (1793—1847), 1834.

349

C. M.
Constant Trust in God.

1 FATHER of Love, our Guide and Friend,
O lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won.

2 We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father, and our God.

3 If called, like Abr'am's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time;
Deliverance shall arise:

4 Or, if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That makes the spirit pure.

5 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy Name,
In hope, and love, and fear.

6 And, till in Heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

Rev. William Josiah Irons (1812—1883), 1853.

350 C. M.
The gentle Shepherd.

1 THERE is a little lonely fold,
Whose flock one Shepherd keeps,
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
With eye that never sleeps.

2 By evil beast, or burning sky,
Or damp of midnight air,
Not one in all that flock shall die
Beneath that Shepherd's care.

3 For if, unheeding or beguiled,
In danger's path they roam,
His pity follows through the wild,
And guards them safely home.

4 O gentle Shepherd, still behold
Thy helpless charge in me;
And take a wanderer to Thy fold,
That, trembling, turns to Thee.

Mrs. Mina Grace Saffery (1773—1858), 1842.

351 11.
"Exceeding great and precious Promises."—2 PET. i. 4.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent *Word!*

What more can He say than to you He hath said,
||:You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?:||

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
||: Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.:||

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
||:And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.:||

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
||: Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.:||

5 "E'en down to old age, all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
//: *Like lambs* they shall still in My bosom be borne.:||

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose

I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
||:I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.":||

George Keith, 1787. Ab.

352

C. M.

"Make me a clean Heart."—Ps. li. 10.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, (1708-1788), 1742. Ab. and sl. alt.

353

7.

The Heavenly Shepherd.—Ps. xxiii.

1 To Thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead Thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
Mid the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With Thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard, and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid Thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

Rev. James Merrick (1720—1769), 1765. Ab. and alt.

354 S. M.

God's Care a Remedy for ours.—1 PET. v. 7.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care."

2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1702—1751), 1755.

355

S. M.
Sailing on.

1 If, through unruffled seas,
Toward Heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady (1740—1778), 1772. Ab. and much alt.

356

S. M.
"Befiehl du deine Wege."

1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,

When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee;
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

5 Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt (1606—1676), 1659.
Tr. by Rev. John Wesley (1703—1791), 1739. Ab.

357

S. M.

Trust in Providence.—MATT. vi. 25. 1 PET. v. 7.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and Heaven commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom wind and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt, 1659.
Tr. by Rev. John Wesley, 1739. Ab.

358 S. M.
Safety in God.—Ps. xxxi.

1 My spirit, on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline:
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte (1793—1847), 1834

359 6. D.
"*Mein Jesu, wie Du willst.*"

1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt,
O may Thy will be mine;
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure,

The manna of Thy Word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

Rev. Benjamin Schmolke (1672—1737), 1716.
Tr. by Miss Jane Borthwick (1813—), 1853. Ab.

360 6. D.
Longing for Christ.

1 My spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Unworthy though I be
Of so divine a Guest.
Of so divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest
Unless it come from Thee.

2 *Unless* it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;

In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.
No rest is to be found,
But in Thy blessed love:
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above.

John Byrom (1691—1763), 1773

361

6. D.

"Thy Way, not mine."

1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine: so let the way
That leads to it be Thine.
Else I must surely stray,
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health,
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1857. Alt.

362

8. 8. 8. 4.
"Thy Will be done."

1 My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

3 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

4 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before
I'll sing upon a happier shore:
"Thy will be done."

Miss Charlotte Elliott (1789—1871), 1834. Ab

363

7, 6. D.
"He is precious."—1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within;
I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinners perfect plea.

2 *I need* Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;

I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne:
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

Rev. Frederick Whitfield (1829—), 1859. Ab. and st. alt.

364

7, 6. D.
"Thee, Thee only."

1 LORD Jesus, by Thy passion,
To Thee I make my prayer;
Thou who in mercy smitest,
Have mercy, Lord, and spare:
O wash me in the fountain
That floweth from Thy side:
O clothe me in the raiment
Thy blood hath purified.

2 O bring me, loving Jesus,
To that most blessed place,
Where angels and archangels
Look ever on Thy face;
Where gladsome Alleluias
Unceasingly resound;
Where Martyrs, now triumphant,
Walk robed in white, and crowned.

3 O make my spirit worthy
To join that ransomed throng;

O teach my lips to utter
That everlasting song;
O give that last, best blessing
That even saints can know,
To follow in Thy footsteps
Wherever Thou dost go.

The Book of Hours, 1865. Ab.

365 7.

"Lovest Thou Me?"

1 HARK, my soul; it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?

2 "I delivered thee, when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

6 *Lord, it* is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper (1731—1800), 1768.

366

7.

"Loving Him, who first loved me."

1 SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey:
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace:
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe:
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

Miss Jane Elizabeth Leeson (1813—1843), 1842. Ab.

367

C. M.

Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 *Prayer is the* contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters Heaven with prayer.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1819, 1853. Ab.

368

C. M.
Evening Twilight.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in Heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Mrs. Phœbe Hinsdale Brown (1783—1861), 1818. Ab. and alt.

369

C. M.

The winning Side.

1 WORKMAN of God, O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible.

3 Blest too is he who can divine,
Where real light doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

5 For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Rev. Frederick William Faber (1814—1863), 1849. Ab.

370

C. M.

Waiting for Light.

1 O VERY God of very God,
And very Light of Light,
Whose feet this earth's dark valley trod,
That so it might be bright;

2 Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
Cold is the night, and O we long
That Thou, our Sun, wouldst rise.

3 O guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where Thou, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore.

4 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,
With healing on Thy wings.

Rev. John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1846. Ab.

371 C. M.

"The Poor always with you."—MATT. xxvi. 11.

1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like His, upon the poor.

2 Like Him, through scenes of deep distress
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For Thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward,

Rev. William Croswell (1804—1851), 1831.

372 S. M.

"Pray without ceasing."—1 THESS. v. 17.

1 PRAY, without ceasing, pray,
Your Captain gives the word:
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord

2 To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing, pray.

3 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

4 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all His soldiers—"Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708–1788), 1749. Ab.

373

8. 8. 8. 4.

Christian Giving.

1 O LORD of Heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

2 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gavest Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessed One
Thou givest all.

3 Thou givest the Spirit's blessed dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace, and hopes of Heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

Bp. Christopher Wordsworth (1807—1885), 1863. Ab. and alt

374

S. M.
"Thine alone."

1 We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 O, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

Bp. William Walsham How (1823—), 1854. **Ab.**

375

S. M.
Waiting Orders from Heaven.

1 Happy the man, who knows
His Master to obey;
Whose life of care and labor flows,
Where God points out the way.

2 *He* riseth to his task,
Soon as the word is given;
Nor waits, nor doth a question ask,
When orders come from Heaven.

3 Nothing he calls his own;
Nothing he hath to say;
His feet are shod for God alone,
And God alone obey.

4 Give us, O God, this mind,
Which waits for Thy command,
And doth its highest pleasure find
In Thy great work to stand.

Rev. Thomas Cogswell Upham (1799—1872), 1872.

376 S. M.

Bearing One Another's Burdens.—GAL. vi. 2.

1 O PRAISE our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

2 His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear;
His grace alone inspires our hearts,
Each other's load to share.

3 O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe,
By deeds of holy love!

4 Lord, may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep,
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821—1877), 1861. Ab.

377 L. M.

Serving Christ.—PHIL. i. 22.

1 My gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates and obey.

2 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, His saving power.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1702—1751), 1755. Ab. and alt.

378

L. M.
"*Go, labor on.*"

1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile, home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1857. Al

L. M.

379 *Adorning the Doctrine.*—TITUS ii. 10—13

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on His word.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709. Sl. alt.

P. M.

380 *While it is day.*—JOHN ix. 4.

1 ONE more day's work for Jesus;
One less of life for me!
But heaven is nearer,
And Christ is dearer,
Than yesterday to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.

CHORUS.

One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me.

2 One more day's work for Jesus;
How glorious is my King!
'Tis joy, not duty,
To speak His beauty;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought
How Christ my life has bought.—CHO.

3 One more day's work for Jesus;
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
When Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!—CHO.

4 One more day's work for Jesus;
O yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before His face I fall.—CHO.

5 O blessèd work for Jesus!
O rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day.—CHO.

Miss Anna Warner (—).

381 7. 6. 7. 5. D.
Work.

1 *WORK*, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;

Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Walker (—), 1868.

382 8. 7. D.
Your Mission.

1 HARK, the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich rewards He offers free:
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

2 If you can *not* cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.

If you can not give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you can not speak like angels,
If you can not preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all;
If you can not rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do."
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly, when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

Rev. Daniel March (1816—), 1869.

383

P. M.

Prayer for Revival.—Heb. iii. 2.

1 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

Chorus.

Revive! revive!
And give refreshing showers;

The glory shall be all Thine own ;
The blessing shall be ours.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
Disturb this sleep of death ;
Quicken the smould'ring embers now
By Thine Almighty breath.—CHO.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
Create soul-thirst for Thee ;
But hung'ring for the bread of life,
O may our spirits be !—CHO.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
Exalt Thy precious name ;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.—CHO.

Albert Midlane (1825—), 1860.

384

7. 61.
ACTS xxvii. 23.

1 JESUS, Master, whose I am,
Purchased, Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

2 Other lords have long held sway ;
Now, Thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer :
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

3 *Jesus, Master*, I am Thine :
Keep me faithful, keep me near ;

Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
O be Thou my All in all!

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879).

385

7.6l.

Acts xxvii. 23.

1 JESUS, Master, whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfil;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

2 Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring;
Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Thou an honor art to me;
Let me be a praise to Thee.

3 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;
Only let me hear Thy call.
Jesus, let me always be,
In Thy service, glad and free!

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal.

386

11. 12

Rejoicing in Revival.—PSALM lxxxv. 6.

1 WE praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory,
Hallelujah ! Amen.
Hallelujah ! Thine the glory,
Revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of Light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again ; fill each heart with Thy love ;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Rev. W. P. Mackay (—), 1863.

387 P. M.

Bringing in the sheaves.—MATT. xiii. 39.

1 SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve ;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in *sheaves.*

CHORUS.

||: Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves, :||

2 Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,
Tho' the loss sustained our spirit often grieves ;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—CHO.

Knowles Shaw (—), . Ab.

388

P. M.
1 COR. x. 13.

1 YIELD not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each vict'ry will help you
Some other to win ;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain ;

Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.—CHO.

3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.—CHO.

H. R. Palmer.

389 C. M.
"Jam lucis orto sidere."

1 Now that the sun is gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.

2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

3 And grant that to Thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favor end.

Paris Breviary, 1736.
Tr. by Rev. John Henry Newman (1801—1890), 1842. Ab. and alt.

390 L. M.
For Morning or Evening.—LAM. iii. 23. Is. xlv. 7.

1 MY God, how endless is Thy love:
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command;
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709.

391

L. M.

Morning Hymn.

1 LORD God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light:
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.

2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore,
A thousand-fold to serve Thee more.

3 Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

4 O Lord of lights, 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own;
Though this new day with joy we see,
O Dawn of God, we cry for Thee.

5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end;
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore.

Francis Turner Palgrave (1824—), 1867.

392 P. M.
Evening Prayer.

1 GOD, that madest earth and Heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night:
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This live-long night.

2 And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey:
From the power of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us,
The live-long day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high.

Bp. Reginald Heber (1783—1826), 1827. V. 1.
Rev. William Mercer (1811—1863), 1864. V. 2.
Abp. Richard Whately (1787—1863), 1860. V. 3.

393 7.
"*Te lucis ante terminum.*"

1 ERE the waning light decay,
God of all, to Thee we pray,
Thee Thy healthful grace to send,
Thee to guard us and defend.

2 Guard from dreams that may affright;
Guard from terrors of the night;
Guard from foes, without, within;
Outward danger, inward sin.

3 Hear the prayer, almighty King;
Hear Thy praises while we sing,
Hymning with Thy heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Ambrose of Milan (340—397),
Tr. by Bp. Richard Mant (1776—1848), 1837. Ab.

394

11. 11. 11. 5.
A Morning Hymn.

1 BEHOLD, the shade of night is now receding,
Kindling with splendors fair the dawn is glowing,
With fervent hearts, O let us all implore Him,
Ruler Almighty:

2 That He, our God, will look on us in pity,
Send strength for weakness, grant us His salvation,
And with a Father's pure affection give us
Glory eternal.

3 This grace O grant us, Godhead ever-blessed,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in union,
Whose praises be through earth's most distant regions
Ever resounding.

Gregory (540—604).
Tr. by Rev. Ray Palmer (1808—1887), 1871.

395 11. 11. 11. 5.
An Evening Hymn.

1 'MID evening shadows let us all be watching,
Ever in psalms our deep devotion waking,
And with one voice hymns to the Lord, the Saviour,
Sweetly be singing.

2 That to the Holy King our songs ascending,
We worthily, with all His saints, may enter
The heavenly temple, joyfully partaking
Life everlasting.

3 This grace O grant us, Godhead ever-blessed,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in union,
Whose praises be through earth's most distant regions
Ever resounding.

Gregory.
Tr. by Rev. Ray Palmer, 1871.

396 L. M.
"Let little Children come to Me."

1 A LITTLE child the Saviour came,
The mighty God was still His Name,
And angels worshipped, as He lay,
The seeming infant of a day.

2 He who, a little child, began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
"Let little children come to Me."

3 O give Thine angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in Thy way to guard;

Thy blessings on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.

Rev. William Robertson (—1734), 1751. Ab.

397

L. M.

Prayer for the Children of the Church.

1 DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From Thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

2 Remember still that they are Thine,
That Thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace, they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to Thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to Thy fold restore.

Mrs. Ann Bradley Hyde (—1872), 1824.

398

8. 7.

Committed to the Shepherd's Care.

1 SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding,
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;

2 *Now*, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg (1796—1877), 1826

399

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.
Στόμιον πώλων ἀδαῶν.

1 SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing;
Hither our children bring,
To shout Thy praise.

2 Thou art our Holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace,
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
While in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

4 Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our Pride,
Our Staff and Song:
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial Word
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite to swell the song
To Christ our King.

From Clement of Alexandria (—217),
Tr. by Rev. Henry Martyn Dexter (1821—1890), 1846, 1849.

400

C. M.

Christ a Pattern for Children.—LUKE ii. 40.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 *And* soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine.

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Bp. Reginald Heber (1783—1826), 1812.

C. M.

401 *Christ's Regard for Children.*—MARK X. 13—16.

1 SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1702—1751), 1755. Ab.

C. M.

402 *Confession and Covenant.*

1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:—

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome (1717—1795), 1787.

403

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 6.
2 Cor. viii. 5.

1 Thy life was given for me!
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ransomed be
And quickened from the dead:
||: Thy life, Thy life was given for me;
What have I given for Thee.:||

2 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
||: Yea all, yea all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?:||

3 And Thou hast brought to me,
Down from Thy home above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love;
||: Great gifts, great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee?:||

4 O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,

And joy with suffering blent:
||: Thou gavest, Thou gavest Thyself to me,
I gave myself to Thee! :||

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879), . Ab. and alt.

404 S. M.
Joyful surrender.

1 LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to Thee Thine own,
And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1745.

405 L. M.
Rejoicing in Covenant-Engagements.—2 CHRON. XV. 51.

1 O, HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray;
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows,
To Him who merits all my love:
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;

He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the Voice divine.

4 Now, rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1702—1751). 1755.

406

7.

Consecration Hymn.

1 TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee:
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold:
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou dost choose.

4 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart: it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

5 Take my love: my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store:
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal (1836—1879). 1873. Alt.

407 6. 4. 6. 4. 10. 10.
Devotion to Christ.

1 I LIFT my heart to Thee,
Saviour Divine!
For Thou art all to me,
And I am Thine,
Is there on earth a closer bond than this,
That "my Beloved's mine, and I am His?"

2 Thine am I by all ties;
But chiefly Thine,
That through Thy sacrifice
Thou, Lord, art mine.
By Thine own chords of love, so sweetly wound
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe;
All that I have and am,
And all I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.

4 How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee; or gathered gold,
Or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own dear Self for me?

5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
Me in Thy love,

Until death's holy sleep
Shall me remove
To that far realm where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

Charles Edward Mudie (1818—),

408 7. D.
Choosing the Portion of God's Heritage.—RUTH i. 16—17.

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblessed;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1819, 1853. Ab.

409 7.
"*Thine forever!*"

1 THINE forever!—God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 *Thine* forever!—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;

Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine forever!—Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

4 Thine forever!—Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us Lord, from earth to Heaven.

Mrs. Mary Fawler Maude. (1619), 1848. Alt.

410

L. M.
"*Entirely Thine.*"

1 LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is passed beyond repeal;
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

Rev. Samuel Davies (1724—1761), 1769. Alt.

411

S. M.
Adoption.—1 JOHN iii. 1. GAL. v. 6.

1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made,
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709. Ab.

412

7. 6. D.
"Bid us go in Peace."

1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on Thee;
Every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;

Burst our bonds and set us free,
From iniquity release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1745. Ab. and sl. alt.

413

8. 61.

"*Till He come.*"—1 Cor. xi. 26.

1 Till He come, O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how Heaven and home
Lie beyond that, till He come.

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only, till He come.

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread:
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only, till He come.

Bp. Edward Henry Bickersteth (1825—), 1861. Ab.

414

7. 61.
"Bread of Heaven."

1 BREAD of Heaven, on Thee I feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died.

2 Vine of Heaven, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give;
To Thy cross I look and live.
Thou my Life, O let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

Josiah Conder (1789—1855), 1824.

415

P. M.
"Behold the Lamb."

1 BEHOLD the Lamb!
O Thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That thou hast died:
Thee for my Saviour let me take,
Thee, Thee alone my refuge make,
Thy piercéd side.

2 Behold the Lamb!
All hail, eternal Word!
Thou everlasting Lord,
Purge out our leaven:
Clothe us with godliness and good,
Feed us with Thy celestial food,
Manna from Heaven.

3 Behold the Lamb!
Worthy is He alone,

Upon the rainbow throne
Of God above:
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Paraclete in praise,
All Light, all Love.

Matthew Bridges (1800—), 1848. Ab. and alt.

416

8. 7. D.
Before the Cross.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.
Here it is I find my Heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe,
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His blood each day more healing,
And Himself most deeply know.

Rev. James Allen (1734—1804), 1757. Alt.
Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley (1725—1786), 1774. Alt.

417

8. 7.
"Closer than a Brother."

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

3 When He lived on earth abaséd;
Friend of sinners was His Name;
Now above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

Rev. John Newton (1725—1807), 1779. Ab.

418

8. 7.
Giving the Heart.

1 TAKE my heart, O Father, take it;
Make and keep it all Thine own;
Let Thy Spirit melt and break it,
This proud heart of sin and stone.

2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace, and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let Thy grace surround it;
Strengthen it with power divine,
Till Thy cords of love have bound it:
Make it to be wholly Thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal it,
Guide it in the path to Heaven.

Bartol's Hymns for the Sanctuary, 1849.

419

7.
"Ad regias Agni dapes."

1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His piercéd side.

2 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou has brought us life and light.

4 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be!

Roman Breviary.
Tr. by Robert Campbell (1799?—1868), 1850. Ab.

420

L. M.
"Jesu, Dulcedo Cordium."

1 Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 *Thy truth* unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call.

To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst, our souls from Thee to fill.

4 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our movements calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux (1091—1153), 1140.
Tr. by Rev. Ray Palmer (1808—1887), 1858. Ab.

421

L. M.
The last Supper.

1 How sweet the scene, how blest the hour
With Jesus at this feast divine;
His prayers are here, His words of power,
Deep meanings thro' these symbols shine.

2 He gave the bread—the grain was crushed
To make the food that life sustains:
Through His dear form the death-throes rushed;
He saved our souls by mortal pains.

3 He gave the cup—the grapes were prest
To bring the purpling boon supplied;
Our souls nor earth nor heaven give rest
Till bathed in Calvary's crimson tide.

4 To us what matchless mercy flows,
Redemption's everlasting prize—
Through agonies none ever knows,
Save him who made the sacrifice.

5 Remember me: O Saviour dear,
Can we Thy work or words forget?
The cross or thorns or nails or spear,
Thy boundless love, our boundless debt.

6 These sacred thoughts and memories deep
Forbid that aught our love should dim;
With grateful hearts the feast we'll keep,
And sing the tender parting hymn.

Rev. Sylvanus Dryden Phelps (1816—), 1888.

422

L. M.
Glorying in the Cross.

1 At Thy command, our dearest, Lord,
Here we attend Thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns Thy board,
||:And Thine own flesh feeds every guest.:||

2 Our faith adores Thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
||: From a Redeemer crucified. :||

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on Thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
||:And make our triumphs in His cross.:||

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left His tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
||: And we are waiting till he come. :||

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709.

423

9. 8.
"Bread of the World."

1 Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,

By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead:

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken;
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Bp. Reginald Heber (1783—1826), 1827.

424

C. M.

Grateful and tender Remembrance.

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;

2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him, who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?

3 While yet His anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed
"Meet, and remember Me."

4 Remember Thee, Thy death, Thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But His recorded there.

Hon. and Rev. Gerard Thomas Noel (1782—1851), 1813.

425

C. M.

At the Table.

1 How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 "Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God;
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709. Ab.

426

C. M.

Remembrance pledged.

1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My Bread from Heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee:

4 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1825. Ab.

427

S. M.
At the Table.

1 SWEET feast of love divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory Lord, of Thee.

2 Here every welcome guest
Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn
The secrets of Thy Father's breast,
And all Thy grace discern.

3 Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the bread of life,
The fulness of Thy love.

4 That blood that flowed for sin
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessèd pledge within,
That we are loved of Thee.

Sir Edward Denny (1796—1889), 1839. Ab.

428

L. M.
"This do in remembrance of Me."

1 DRAW near, O Holy Dove draw near,
With peace and gladness on Thy wing;
Reveal the Saviour's presence here,
And light, and life, and comfort bring.

2 "Eat, O my friends—drink, O beloved!"
We hear the Master's voice exclaim:
Our hearts with new desire are moved,
[illegible] with a heavenly flame.

3 No room for doubt, no room for dread,
Nor tears, nor groans, nor anxious sighs:
We do not mourn a Saviour dead,
But hail Him living in the skies.

Rev. Aaron Roberts Wolfe (1821—), 1852. Ab.

429

C. M.
"The Saints above."

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
||: How bright their glories be. :||

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
||: With sins, and doubts, and fears. :||

3 I ask them, whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
||: Their triumph to His death. :||

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
||: Possess the promised rest. :||

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
||: Show the same path to Heaven. :||

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709.

430

C. M.
One Church, one Army.

1 LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;

For all the servants of our King
In earth and Heaven are one.

2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Dear Saviour, be our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in Heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1759. Ab. and alt.

431

C. M.
One Song.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all Thy ways, we find
Our Heaven on earth begun.

2 The Church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee, in Thy glorious realm, they praise,
And bow before Thy throne;
We, in the kingdom of Thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 *The holy* to the holiest leads;
From hence our spirits rise;
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1743.

432

C. M.
"The golden Chain."

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His word.

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of Heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

Rev. Joseph Swain (1761—1796), 1792

433

C. M.
The ancient Worthies.

1 Rise, O my soul, pursue the path,
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 *Though dead,* they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquered every foe;
And to His power and matchless grace
Their crowns and honors owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns Thou hast given;
And ne'er forsake the blessed path
Which led them safe to Heaven.

Rev. John Needham (1710—1787), 1768.

434

S. M.
"Blest be the Tie."

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear:
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the Day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Rev. John Fawcett (1739—1817), 1772.

435

S. M.
Cross and Crown,

1 O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821—1877), 1852. Ab.

436

S. M.
Love to the Church.—Ps. cxxxvii.

1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of Heaven.

Rev. Timothy Dwight (1752—1817), 1800. Ab.

437

S. M.

The Saints of the Lord.

1 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

3 They all in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord in view,
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

Bp. Richard Mant (1776—1848), 1837. Ab.

438

8. 7. D.
"Igjennem Nat og Traengsel."

1 THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land,
And before us through the darkness,
Gleameth clear the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
And steps fearless through the night.

2 One the strain which mouths of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun,
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the Resurrection shore,
With one Father o'er us shining
In His love for evermore.

3 Go we onward, pilgrim brothers,
Visit first the cross and grave,
Where the cross its shadow flingeth,
Where the boughs of cypress wave.
Then, a shaking as of earthquakes,
Then, a rending of the tomb,
Then, a scattering of all shadows,
And an end of toil and gloom.

Bernhardt Severin Ingemann (1789—1862),
Tr. by Rev. Sabine Baring Gould (1834—), 1867. Ab.

439

8. 7. D.
Prayer for Union.

1 HAIL, Thou God of grace and glory,
Who Thy Name hast magnified,
By redemption's wondrous story,
By the Saviour crucified;
Thanks to Thee for every blessing,
Flowing from the Fount of love;
Thanks for present good unceasing,
And for hopes of bliss above.

2 Hear us, as thus bending lowly,
Near Thy bright and burning throne,
We invoke Thee, God most holy,
Through Thy well-belovéd Son;
Send the baptism of Thy Spirit,
Shed the pentecostal fire;
Let us all Thy grace inherit,
Waken, crown each good desire.

3 Bind Thy people, Lord, in union,
With the sevenfold cord of love;
Breathe a spirit of communion
With the glorious hosts above;
Let Thy work be seen progressing;
Bow each heart, and bend each knee,
Till the world, Thy truth possessing,
Celebrates its jubilee.

Rev. Thomas Willaim Aveling Baxter (1815—1884), 1844.

440

8. 7. D.
The City of God.—Is. xxxiii. 20—21.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:

On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

Rev. John Newton (1725—1807), 1779.

441

8. 7. D.

"*The Heavenly City.*"—EZEK. xxxvii. 27.

1 PRAISE the Rock of our salvation,
Laud His Name from zone to zone;
On that Rock the Church is builded,
Christ Himself the Corner-Stone;
Vain against our rock-built Zion
Winds and waters, fire and hail,
Christ is in her midst; against her
Sin and hell shall not prevail.

2 *Stands four*-square that heavenly city;
Paved with gold like crystal bright;

Gates of pearl, and walls of jasper,
Emerald and chrysolyte:
Broad and lofty tower its ramparts;
At its gates twelve angels stand;
On its walls twelve names are graven,
Of th' Apostles' chosen band.

3 Where Thou reignest, King of glory,
Throned in everlasting light,
Midst Thy saints, no more is needed
Sun by day, nor moon by night;
Soon may we those portals enter
When this earthly strife is o'er,
There to dwell with saints and angels
In Thy presence evermore.

Rev. Benjamin Webb (1819—), 1872. Ab

442

H. M.
Christ the Corner-Stone.

1 CHRIST is our Corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of Heaven are filled;
On His great love our hopes we place
Of present grace, and joys above.

2 O, then, with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
Forevermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;

In copious shower, on all who pray,
Each holy day, Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from Heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

Unknown Author of the 8th century.
Tr. by Rev. John Chandler (1806—1876), 1837.

443

7.
On opening a Place of Worship.

1 LORD of hosts! to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With Thy Word, the heavenly Bread;
Here in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1825.

444

C. M.
God's Blessing invoked.

1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t' abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by Thy side.

3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

William Cullen Bryant (1794—1878), 1835.

445

C. M.

Prayer of Dedication.—Ps. cxxxii.

1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest:
Lo, Thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy spirit and Thy Word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread,

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine,
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne,
And as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719.

446

8. 7. 6l.
"*Angulare Fundamentum.*

1 CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,
Christ the Head and Corner-Stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the church in one,
Holy Zion's help forever,
And her confidence alone.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What They ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee forever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

Unknown Author of the 8th century.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1851. Ab. and alt.

447 L. M.
God's Temple.

1 THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple, built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky, and all was good;
And when its first pure praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for Thee,
But in Thy sight our offering stands,
A humbler temple, made with hands.

Nathaniel Parker Willis (1807—1867), 1826. **Ab.**

448 7. 6. D.
The One Foundation — EPH. ii. 20.

1 THE Church's one Foundation,
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation,
By water and the word:
From Heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;

One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

4 The saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "how long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace, that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Rev. Samuel John Stone (1839—), 1866. Ab. and sl. alt

449

L. M.
Christ's Dominion.—Ps. lxxii.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 *Blessings* abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;

The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719. Ab. and sl. alt.

450

L. M.

For a Missionary Meeting.

1 ASSEMBLED at Thy great command,
Before Thy face, dread King, we stand;
The voice that marshaled every star,
Has called Thy people from afar.

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of Thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise,
Our counsels aid; and, O impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with Thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

Rev. William Bengo Collyer (1782—1854), 1812. Ab.

451

L. M.

"*Fling out the Banner.*"

1 FLING out the banner: let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The cross, on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner: angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love divine.

3 Fling out the banner: heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner: let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide:
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

5 Fling out the banner: wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

Bp. George Washington Doane (1799—1859), 1848. Ab.

452

C. M.

The immovable Kingdom.—DAN. ii. 44.

1 O WHERE are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Bp. Arthur Cleveland Coxe (1818—), 1839. Alt.

453

C. M.

The Spirit creating all Things new.

1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed;
Creator, Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give Thou the word: that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ
When Thou shalt all renew!

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's Name,
How shall the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came!

5 So every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1825, 1853.

454

7. 6. D.

"From Greenland's icy Mountains."

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Bp. Reginald Heber (1783—1826), 1819.

455

7. 6. D.
"Hail to the Lord's Anointed!"

1 *Hail to the* Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son;

Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1822. **Ab.**

456

7. 6. D.

"The Morning Light is breaking."

1 THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending,
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy riches stay;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith (1808—), 1832. Ab.

457

7. 6. D.
The final Triumph.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:

High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

James Edmeston (1791—1867), 1822. Alt.

458

7. 6. D.
The good Tidings.

1 How beauteous, on the mountains,
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good things;
That publisheth salvation,
And jubilee release,
To every tribe and nation,
God's reign of joy and peace.

2 Lift up thy voice, O watchman,
And shout, from Zion's towers,
Thy hallelujah chorus,
"The victory is ours!"
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's Lion,
Shall wear His rightful crown.

Benjamin Gough (1805—1882), 1865. Ab. and sl. alt.

459

L. M.
"*Awake, awake.*"—Is. li. 9.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world, adoring, see
||: Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee. :||

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
//: And cast their altars to the ground. :\\

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
||: The blood that flowed from Jesus' side. :||

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim,
In every clime of every name,
Till adverse powers before Thee fall,
||: And crown the Saviour, Lord of all. :||

William Shrubsole, Jr. (1759—1829), 1795. Ab.

460

L. M.

Prayer for speedy Triumph.

1 Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies,
That song of triumph, which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign.

3 O that the anthem now might swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

Baptist Magazine, 1816.

461

L. M.

Prayer for Home Missions.

1 Look from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might;
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to Heaven the voice of praise.

William Cullen Bryant (1794—1878), 1840.

462

7. 6. D.

"Uplift the blood-red Banner."

1 UPLIFT the blood-red banner,
And shout, with trumpet's sound,
Deliverance to the captive,
And freedom to the bound;
Earth's jubilee of glory,
The year of full release;
O tell the wondrous story,
Go forth and publish peace.

2 Go forth, confessors, martyrs,
With zeal and love unpriced,
And preach the blood of sprinkling,
And live, or die, for Christ;
For Christ claim every nation,
Your banner wide unfurled;
Go forth and preach salvation,
Salvation for the world.

Benjamin Gough (1805—1882), 1865. Alt.

463 7. 6. D.
"The Salvation of Israel."—Ps. xiv.

1 O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home.
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart,
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart.
Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte (1793—1847), 1834.

464 6. 6. 4, 6. 6. 6. 4.
"Speed on Thy Word."

1 LORD of all power and might,
Father of love and light,
Speed on Thy Word:
O let the gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found:
God speed His Word.

2 Hail, blessed Jubilee:
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
Praise we the Lord:
Thine was the mighty plan,
From Thee the work began;
Away with praise of man,
Glory to God!

3 Lo, what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
God's holy Word:
One for His truth we stand,
Strong in His own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band:
God shield His Word.

4 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before:
His word ere long shall run
Free as the noon-day sun;
His purpose must be done:
God bless His Word.

Rev. Hugh Stowell (1799—1865), 1854. Sl. alt

6. 6. 4, 6. 6. 6. 4.

465 "*Let there be Light!*"—GEN. i. 3. 2 COR. iv. 6.

1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
"Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight:

Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light!"

4 Blessed and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
"Let there be light!"

Rev. John Marriott (1780—1825), 1816.

466

8. 7. 4.

Good Tidings to Zion.—Is. lii. 7.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
||: Mourning captive, :||
God Himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
||: Cease thy mourning : :||
Zion still is well-beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
||: Great deliverance :||
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

Rev. Thomas Kelly (1769—1855), 1804. Ab.

467

8. 7. 4.

Light in the Darkness.—MATT. iv. 16.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
Sun of Righteousness, arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day:
Send the Gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, Thy glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease:
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

Rev. William Williams (1717—1791), 1772. Ab. and alt.

468

C. M. D.

"*Put on Thy Strength.*"—Is. li. 9.

1 AWAKE, awake, put on Thy strength,
O arm of Christ the Lord;
Awake, as in the ancient days,
Fresh triumphs now record.
Thou dryest up the mighty sea,
The waters of the deep,
That joy might spring in saddened hearts,
And mourners cease to weep.

2 Thy ransomed people passed the wave,
They trod the Red Sea floor;
The cloudy pillar frowned behind,
But smiled with light before.

Lift up Thine arm, display Thy light
Again to guard and guide:
Beneath Thy banner, mighty Lord,
We too have crossed the tide.

3 On, on we haste with holy zeal,
Since Thou the path has blest;
The distant mountains rise in view,
Thy seat of peace and rest.
There lies the City of our God,
The City beaming bright;
Where shines nor sun, nor moon, nor star,
The Lamb its only light.

T. T. N., 1870. Ab.

469

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.
"Christ for the World."

1 CHRIST for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer:
The wayward and the lost,
By reckless passion tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,

With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Rev. Samuel Wolcott (1813—1886), 1869.

470 C. M.

The Gospel for all Nations.—MARK xiii. 10.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation Thine;
And in Thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, Thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in Thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of Thy praise.

Rev. Thomas Gibbons (1720—1785), 1769. Ab. and alt.

471 C. M.

"*The Glory of the latter Day.*"

1 O GOD, our God, Thou shinest here,
Thine own this latter day;

To us Thy radiant steps appear:
We watch Thy glorious way.

2 Thou tookest once our flesh; Thy face
Once on our darkness shone;
Yet through each age new births of grace
Still make Thy glory known.

3 Not only olden ages felt
The presence of the Lord;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
Thy Spirit and Thy word.

4 Doth not the Spirit still descend,
And bring the heavenly fire?
Doth not He still Thy Church extend,
And waiting souls inspire?

5 Come, Holy Ghost, in us arise;
Be this Thy mighty hour;
And make Thy willing people wise
To know Thy day of power.

Thomas Hornblower Gill (1819—), 1862. Ab.

472 7. D.
"Soldiers of the Cross, arise."

1 SOLDIERS of the cross, arise,
Gird you with your armor bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.
O'er a faithless, fallen world.
Raise your banner in the sky,
Let it float there, wide unfurled,
Bear it onward, lift it high.

2 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living Word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray ;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

3 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease ;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.
Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,
Comfort trouble, banish grief:
With the Spirit's sword arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

4 Be the banner still unfurled,
Bear it bravely still abroad,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of the Lord ;
Praise with songs of holy glee,
Saints of earth and heavenly Host,
Godhead One in persons Three,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bp. William Walsham How (1823—), 1864.

473

7. D.

"Go, ye Messengers of God."

1 Go, ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning fly,
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner-cross on high,
Where the lofty minaret
Gleams along the morning skies,
Wave it till the crescent set,
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.

2 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,

Where the skies forever smile,
And th' oppressed for ever weep.
O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of Heaven;
Chase away the fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

3 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the Gospel's richest feast.
Bear the tidings round the ball,
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all,
Christ, whose love is full and free.

Rev. Joshua Marsden (1777—1837), 1812.

474

7. D.

The Victory anticipated.—Ps. lxxii.

1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
Mightiest kings His power shall own,
Heathen tribes His name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
Time shall sun and moon obscure,
Seas be dried, and rocks be riven,
But His reign shall still endure,
Endless as the days of Heaven.

Miss Harriet Auber (1773—1862), 1829. Ab.

475

7. D.
"The Song of Jubilee."

1 HARK, the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed His sword: He speaks; 'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Then the end; beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in all.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1819, 1825.

476

11. 10.
The latter Day.

1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing;
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high:
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings (1784—1872), 1823.

477 11. 10.

The Church victorious.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Wake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more:
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Rise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far:
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

Fitzgerald's Collection, 1830.

C. M.

478 *Prayer heard, and Zion restored.*—Ps. cii. 13—21.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour:
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt His power.

2 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before His Name,
And kings attend with fear.

3 He sits a Sovereign on His throne,
With pity in His eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

4 He frees the souls condemned to death,
Nor when His saints complain,

Shall it be said, that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719. Ab.

479

C. M.

The Millennium.—MICAH iv. 1, 2. Is. ii. 1—4.

1 BEHOLD, the Mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 The beam that shines on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.

3 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares soon they beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

4 No longer hosts encountering hosts
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

5 Come, then, O come from every land,
To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

Michael Bruce (1746—1767), 1781. Ab.

480

C. M.

Mustering the Host.—ISA. xiii. 4.

1 LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass,
Ye bars of iron, yield;
And let the King of glory pass:
The cross is in the field.

2 That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on their march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.

3 Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod,
Take your appointed post.

4 Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of glory pass:
The cross hath won the field.

James Montgomery, 1853. Ab.

481 8. 7. D.
Christ on the Lake of Galilee.—MARK iv. 38.

1 TOSSED upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe.
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
"All, all's well," Thy constant cheer.

2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
Darkly though the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head;
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All is noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of Thy will.

3 *Thus* my heart the hope will cherish,
While to Thee I lift mine eye,

Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry;
And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er;
Safely moored in Heaven's wide haven,
Storms and tempests vex no more.

Rev. George Washington Bethune (1805—1862), 1830. Alt.

482

L. M.

For Seamen.—Ps. cvii. 23—30.

1 O GOD, who metest in Thy hand
The waters of the mighty sea,
And barrest ocean with the sand
By Thy perpetual decree:

2 When they who to the sea go down,
And in the waters ply their toil,
Are lifted on the surge's crown,
And plunged where seething eddies boil;

3 Rule then, O Lord, the ocean's wrath,
And bind the tempest with Thy will;
Tread, as of old, the water's path,
And speak Thy bidding, "Peace, be still."

4 And when there shall be sea no more,
Save that of mingled flame and glass,
Where goes no galley sped by oar,
Where gallant ships no longer pass;

5 When dawns the Resurrection morn,
Upon that shore, O Jesus, stand,
And give Thy pilgrims, faint and worn,
Their welcome to the Happy Land.

Rev. Richard Frederick Littledale (1833—), 1867. Alt.

483

L. M.

Prayer for Mariners.

1 WHILE o'er the deep Thy servants sail,
Send Thou, O Lord, the prosperous gale

And on their hearts, where'er they go,
O let Thy heavenly breezes blow.

2 If on the morning's wings they fly,
They will not pass beyond Thine eye:
The wanderer's prayer Thou bend'st to hear,
And faith exults to know Thee near.

3 When tempests rock the groaning bark,
O hide them safe in Jesus' ark;
When in the tempting port they ride,
O keep them safe at Jesus' side.

4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore:
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or on the deep.

Bp. George Burgess (1809—1866), 1840.

484

12.

"Save, Lord, or we perish."—MATT. viii. 25.

1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
They fly to their Master, "Save, Lord, or we perish!"

2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the poor sinner cherish,

Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord,
or we perish!"

Bp. Reginald Heber (1783—1826), 1820. Ab. and alt.

485

8. 7. 4.

The guiding Star.

1 STAR of peace, to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
||: Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea. :||

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee;
||: Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea. :||

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;
||: Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea. :||

4 Star divine, O safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to Thee:
||: Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea. :||

Mrs. Jane Bell Cross Simpson (1811—), 1830. Ab.

486

C. M.

In Sickness.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend;

3 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His;

4 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady (1740—1778), 1776. Ab.

487

S. M.

Nearing Home.

1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
Nearer my parting hour am I
Than e'er I was before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer my going home,
Laying my burden down,
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
Wearing my starry crown.

4 Nearer that hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light.

5 *Jesus*, to Thee I cling:
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death.

Miss Phœbe Cary (1825—1871), 1852. Ab. and alt

488

S. M.
"The death of the Righteous."

1 O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord:
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1804. Ab. and much alt.

489

S. M.
Resting in Hope.

1 REST for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-sore feet,
Rest from all labor now.

2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye:
Through these parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 *Soon shall* the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,

That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake, come forth and sing:
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

5 'Twas sown in weakness here,
'Twill then be raised in power:
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1857. Ab.

490

11.

"I would not live alway."

1 I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings, that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;

There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon Heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthem of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg (1796—1877), 1823.

491

4. 6. D.
The Last Sleep.

1 SLEEP thy last sleep!
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest, where none weep,
Till th' eternal morrow:
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

2 *Life's* dream is past;
All its sin, and sadness;

Brightly, at last,
Dawns the day of gladness:
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest:
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

Rev. Edward Arthur Dayman (1807—), 1868.

492

13. 11.
"Gone to the Grave."

1 THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:
The Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian and Guide:
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

Bp. Reginald Heber (1783—1826), 1812.

493

S. M. D.

"*The Time is short.*"—1 Cor. vii. 29.

1 A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

Chorus.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.—Cho.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,

A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.—CHO.

4 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign.—CHO.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—1889), 1857. Ab.

494 P. M.

"Immanuel's Land."

1 THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of Heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love,
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 The bride eyes not her garment
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

Mrs. Anne Ross Cousin, 1857. Ab.

495

L. M.

"Asleep in Jesus."

1 ASLEEP in Jesus : blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus : O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet ;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost his venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus : peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus ; O for me
May such a blissful refuge be :
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus : far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. Margaret Mackay (1801—), 1832. Ab.

496

L. M

The death of the Righteous.—NUM. xxiii. 10.

1 How blest the righteous, when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast.

2 *So fades* a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While Heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld (1743—1825), 1809. Ab. and alt.

497

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.
Resignation.

1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine:
A hymn of suppliant breath;
||: Owning that life and death, :||
Alike are Thine.

2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all succoring power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
||: In faintness are cast down; :||
Sustain us, Thou.

3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
||: Was not to pass away; :||
Aid us, O God.

4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine:

Hear, hear our suppliant breath ;
||:|Keep us in life and death, :||
Thine, only Thine.

Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1794—1835), 1832. Ab.

498

L. M. 61.
Peaceful Sleep.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
||: And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.:||

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
||: Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose. :||

3 So Jesus slept : God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed ;
||: Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade. :||

4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn ;
Attend, O earth, His sovereign word ;
||: Restore thy trust ; a glorious form
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord. :||

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1734. Alt

499

S. M. D.
On the Death of a Minister.

1 SERVANT of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear ;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.

2 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

3 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done,
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1819. Ab.

500

S. M. D.

Signal Consecration and Courage.

1 O SHEPHERD of the sheep,
High Priest of things to come,
Who didst in grace Thy servant keep,
And take him sweetly home:
His heart was Thine alone,
From selfish longings free;
Thy throne the cross, a cross his throne,
His life was hid in Thee.

2 So, trusting in Thy might,
He won a fair renown;
So, waxing valiant in the fight,
He trod the lion down;
Then rendered up to Thee
The charge Thy love had given,

And passed away, Thy face to see
Revealed in Highest Heaven.
V. S. C. Coles, 1868. Ab.

501 8. 7. 4.
Christ's Second Coming.

1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
||: Hallelujah! :||
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
||: Deeply wailing, :||
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long-expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
||: Hallelujah! :||
See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
||: O come quickly, :||
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1758. V. 1. 2. 4.
Rev. John Cennick (1717—1755), 1752. V. 3.
Rev. Martin Madan (1726—1790), 1760. Ab.

502 8. 7. 4.
"Surely I come quickly."—Rev. xxii. 20.

1 O'er the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;

Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray:
||: 'Tis thy Saviour, :||
On His bright, returning way.

2 O Thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where Thy light I do not see:
||: O my Saviour, :||
When wilt Thou return to me?

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
||: O my Saviour, :||
In Thy bright and promised land.

4 With my lamp well-trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home,
||: Come, my Saviour, :||
O my Saviour, quickly come.

Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811—1875), 1863. Ab.

503 C. M. 51.

"Jerusalem my happy Home."

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end
||: In joy, and peace, and thee? :||

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold;

Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
||: And streets of shining gold? :||

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I Thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
||: And Sabbaths have no end? :||

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
||: I onward press to you. :||

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ, below,
||: Will join the glorious band. :||

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
||: When I Thy joys shall see. :||

Unknown. Williams and Boden's Collection, 1801. Ab.

504

C. M. 51.
"O Mother dear, Jerusalem."

1 O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
||: Thy joys when shall I see? :||

2 O happy harbor of God's saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil;
In thee no sorrow can be found,
||: Nor grief, nor care, nor toil. :||

3 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;

But every soul shines as the sun,
||: For God Himself gives light. :||

4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl:
||: O God, if I were there! :||

5 Right through thy streets with pleasing sound
The flood of life doth flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
||: The trees of life do grow. :||

6 Those trees each month yield ripened fruit;
For evermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
||: To thee their honors bring. :||

7 O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
||: Thy joys when shall I see? :||

Rev. Francis Baker (— —), 1616. Alt.
Rev. David Dickson (1583—1663), 1649. Ab.

505

8. 7. 6l.

Worshipped of Angels.—Heb. i. 6.

1 Hark, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love;
||: See, He sits on yonder throne:
Jesus rules the world alone. :||

2 *King* of glory, reign forever!
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever

Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
||: Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face. :||

3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
||: Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!" :||

Rev. Thomas Kelly (1769—1855), 1804. Ab.

506

8, 7.

The River of Life.—Rev. xxii. 1.

1 SHALL we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.—CHO.

3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-King we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne.—CHO.

4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;

Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.—CHO.

5 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.—CHO.

6 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.—CHO.

Rev. Robert Lowry. 1864.

507

P. M.
ISA. 35. 10.

1 I'VE reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

CHORUS.

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
As on the highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me.
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home forevermore.

2 The Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me with His hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.—CHO.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever vernal trees,
And flowers that never fading grow,
Where streams of life forever flow.—CHO.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me,
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels, with the white-robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.—CHO.

Rev. Edgar Page Stites (—), .

508 P. M.
Waiting for Jesus.

1 O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home?

CHORUS.

We'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gathered home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.—CHO.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on His breast,
And He'd conduct me home.—CHO.

4 I sought at once my Saviour's side.
No more my steps shall roam:
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide
And reach my heavenly home.—CHO.

509 7. 4. D.
HEB. ix. 28.

1 DOWN life's dark vale we wander,
Till Jesus comes;
We watch and wait and wonder,
Till Jesus comes.

CHORUS.

All joy His loved ones bringing,
When Jesus comes:
All Praise thro' heaven ringing,
When Jesus comes.
All beauty bright and vernal,
When Jesus comes;
All glory, grand, eternal,
When Jesus comes.

2 O let my lamp be burning
When Jesus comes;
For Him my soul be yearning,
When Jesus comes.—CHO.

3 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes;
All peace and joy and gladness,
When Jesus comes.—CHO.

4 All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes;
All gloom His face will banish,
When Jesus comes.—CHO.

5 He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.—CHO.

6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
O how His arms will rest me!
When Jesus comes.—CHO.

Philip P. Bliss (1838—1876), 1872.

510 P. M.
PSALM lv. 6.

1 O THINK of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

REFRAIN.

||: Over there, over there,
O think of the home over there. :||

2 O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home of the palace of God.

REFRAIN.

||: Over there, over there,
O think of the friends over there. :||

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

REFRAIN.

||: Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there. :||

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

REFRAIN.

||: Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there. :||

Rev. D. W. C. Huntington.

511

P. M.
Across the River.

1 THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHORUS.

||: In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore. :||

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

S. Fillmore Bennett (—),

512

P. M.
The Fellowship of Heaven.

1 How pleasant thus to dwell below,
In fellowship of love;
And though we part, 'tis bliss to know
The good shall meet above.
The good shall meet above,
The good shall meet above,
And though we part, 'tis bliss to know
The good shall meet above.

O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful,
To meet to part to more!
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore,

And sing the everlasting song
With those who've gone before.

2 Yes, happy thought! when we are free
From earthly grief and pain,
In heaven we shall each other see,
And never part again.

3 Then let us each, in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways;
That we, with those we love, may join
In never-ending praise.

Anon.

513 S. M.
"For ever with the Lord"

1 For ever with the Lord:
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's forseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear.

4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 "Forever with the Lord,"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1835. Ab.

514

H. M.
"Safe Home."

1 SAFE home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck:
But, O! the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage-perils o'er!

2 No more the foe can harm:
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night-alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly had he failed,
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

3 The lamb is in the fold
In perfect safety penned:
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

Joseph of the Studium (803—883),
Rev. John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1862. Ab.

515

C. M. 51.
"Sweet Fields."

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
||: Infinite day excludes the night, :||
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
||: Death, like a narrow sea, divides :||
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:

||: So to the Jews old Canaan stood, :||
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
||: And linger, shivering on the brink, :||
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
||: And see the Canaan that we love :||
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
||: Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, :||
Should fright us from the shore.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709.

516

C. M. 51
The Heavenly Rest.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast:
'Tis found above, in Heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but Heaven.

3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in Heaven.

4 There, fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There, rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of Heaven.

Rev. William Bingham Tappan (1794—1849), 1818. Ab.

517

7. D.

The Song of the Sealed.—Rev. vii. 9—16.

1 What are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power;
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great afflictions came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty Name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fear,
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1819, 1853.

518 7. 6. D.
"*Hora novissima.*"

1 THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed,
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To light that hath no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 O Home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn.
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale (1818—1866), 1858. Ab. and sl. alt.

519 7. 6. D.
"*O bona Patria.*"

1 FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory

Is unction to the breast.
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion,
O paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified the praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emerald blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints built up its fabric,
And the Corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day;
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale, 1851. Alt.

520

7. 6. D.
"Urbs Syon aurea."

1 JERUSALEM, the golden,
With milk and honey blest
Beneath thy contemplation

Sink heart and voice oppress:
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever, and forever,
Are clad in robes of white.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale, 1851. Alt.

521 7. 6. D.
"*Hic breve vivitur.*"

1 BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution:
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

2 *And now* we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown

Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale, 1851. Alt.

522 7. 6. D.
General Ending of the four preceding Hymns.

1 O SWEET and blessed country,
The home of God's elect,
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect:
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale, 1851.

523 6. D.
The Rest that remaineth.

1 THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,

And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing, through endless days,
The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821—1877), 1861.

524 P. M.
Paradise.

1 O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?

CHORUS.

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?—CHO.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;—CHO.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As or Thy spotless shore;—CHO.

5 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
Thy special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;—CHO.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above:—CHO.

Rev. Frederick William Faber (1884—1863), 1854. Ab. and alt.

525 7. 6. D.
"Saints of the most High."

1 FROM all Thy saints in warfare,
For all Thy saints at rest,
To Thee, O blessed Jesus,
All praises be addressed:
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle
That they might conquerors be;

Their crowns of living glory
Are lit with rays from Thee.

2 Apostles, prophets, martyrs,
And all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment,
Who raise the ceaseless song;
For these passed on before us,
Saviour, we Thee adore,
And walking in their footsteps,
Would serve Thee more and more.

3 Then praise we God the Father,
And praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number
Fall down before the throne,
And honor, power, and glory
Ascribe to God alone.

Earl Horatios Nelson (1823—), 1857. Ab.

526 L. M.

For New Year's Day.—Ps. lxv. 11.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at Thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in Thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1702—1751), 1755. Ab. and alt.

527

L. M.

Help obtained of God.—Acts xxvi. 22.

1 Great God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guided by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or deprest,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755. Ab. and alt.

528 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.
Thanksgiving for Harvest.

1 THE God of harvest praise,
In loud thanksgivings raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless His holy Name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of Harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With one accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

James Montgomery (1771—1854), 1853. Ab. and alt.

529 7. D.
The New Year.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We *a little longer* wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind:
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

Rev. John Newton (1725—1807), 1774.

530

7. D.
For New Year's Eve.

1 For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our songs of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer hear.
In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay,
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.

2 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.
Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;

Help Thy servants to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

Rev. Henry Downton (1818—), 1839. Ab.

531

5. 5. 5. 12. D.
New Year's Day.

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
||: By the patience of hope, and the labor of love. :||

2 Our life is a dream,
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
||: Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here. :||

3 O that each in the day
Of His coming might say,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done,
||: Enter into My joy, and sit down on My *throne*." :||

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1759.

532 P. M.
"Life passeth soon."

1 DAYS and moments quickly flying
Speed us onward to the dead;
O how soon shall we be lying
Each within his narrow bed!
Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make th' eternal choice.

REFRAIN.

Life passeth soon: death draweth near:
Keep us, good Lord, till Thou appear:
With Thee to live, with Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity.

2 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapor so it flies;
For the old year now retreating
Pardon grant and make us wise:
Soon before the Judge all-glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.—REF.

Rev. Edward Caswall (1814—1878), 1849. Ab.

533 7.
Thanksgiving—Ps. lxv.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky;

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews ;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse ;

4 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :

5 These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld (1743—1825), 1772. Ab. and alt.

534

C. M. D.
The revolving Seasons.—Ps. cxlvii.

1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high :
Over the heavens He spreads His cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
He sends His showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

2 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

3 *He sends* His word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn ;

He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word:
With songs and honors, sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1719. Ab.

535

C. M. D.
"*The Voice of Praise.*"—Ps. lxvi.

1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud, and more loud, the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.
Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought.
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows;
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.
Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights, through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

Rev. Ralph Wardlaw (1779—1853), 1803. Ab.

536

7. D.
Harvest Hymn.

1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:

Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

Rev. Henry Alford (1810—1871), 1844.

537 7. D.
Thanksgiving or Fast.

1 CHRIST, by heavenly hosts adored,
Gracious, mighty, sovereign Lord,
God of nations, King of kings,
Head of all created things,
By the Church with joy confest,

God o'er all forever blest;
Pleading at Thy throne we stand,
Save Thy people, bless our land.

2 On our fields of grass and grain
Drop, O Lord, the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land
Crown the labors of each hand
Let Thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea;
Open Lord, Thy bounteous hand,
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

3 Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honor Thee;
Let the powers by Thee ordained
Be in righteousness maintained;
In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus, united we shall stand
One wide, free, and happy land.

Rev. Henry Harbaugh (1818—1867), 1860. Ab. and alt.

538

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.
"My Country."

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;

My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks the silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith (1808—), 1832.

539

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.
"*God save the State.*"

1 GOD bless our native land:
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

Rev. Charles Timothy Brooks, (1813—1883), 1835.
Alt. by Rev. John Sullivan Dwight, (1813—), 1844.

DOXOLOGIES.

1 C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

2 S. M.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One and Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

Rev. John Wesley (1703—1791), 1741.

3 L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bp. Thomas Ken (1637—1711), 1697.

4 L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in Heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709

5 L. M. 61.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in Heaven;
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709. First 4 lines.

6 C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Heaven's triumphant host
  And saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
  When time shall be no more.

Tate and Brady, 1696. Alt.

7 L. P. M.

Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
  Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and Heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

8 H. M.

O God, for ever blest,
  To Thee all praise be given;
Thy Name Triune confest
  By all in earth and Heaven;
As heretofore it was, is now,
  And shall be so for evermore.

Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth (1825—), 1870

9 8, 7.

Praise the Father, earth and Heaven,
  Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
  Glory through eternal days.

Unknown Author

10 8, 7. D.

WORSHIP, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to Thy Name:
Young and old their praise expressing,
Join Thy goodness to proclaim.
As the saints in Heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne;
As the angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done!

Edward Osler (1798—1863), 1836.

11 8, 7. 4.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808—), 1866.

12 7, 6. D.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host,
To praise Thee evermore:
Live, by Heaven and earth adored,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to Thee.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1746. Alt.

13 7.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love:
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1746.

14 7. 61.

Praise the Name, of God most high.
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last.

Unknown Author, 1827

15 7. 61.

God the Father, God of grace,
Saviour, born of mortal race,
Comforter, our Life and Light,
One in essence, love and might;
Thee whom all in Heaven adore,
We would worship evermore.

Rev Ray Palmer (1808—), 1873.

16 7. D.

Praise our glorious King and Lord,
Angels waiting on His word,
Saints that walk with Him in white,
Pilgrims walking in His light:
Glory to the Eternal One,
Glory to His Only Son,
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity.

Rev. Alexander Ramsay Thompson (1822—), 1869.

17 6, 4.

To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1757.

18 6, 4.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given:
Crown Him in every song;
To Him your hearts belong
Let all His praise prolong
On earth, in Heaven.

Rev. Edwin Francis Hatfield (1807—1883), 1843.

19 10.

ALL praise and glory to the Father be
And Son and Spirit, undivided Three,
As hath been alway, shall be, and is now,
To Thee, O God, the everlasting Thou.

Bp. Edward Henry Bickersteth (1825—), 1870.

20 10, 11.

ALL glory to God, the Father and Son,
And Spirit of grace, the great Three in One;
Let highest ascriptions forever be given
By all the creation on earth and in Heaven.

Rippon's Collection, 1778.

21 11.

O FATHER Almighty, to Thee be addrest,
With Christ and the Spirit, One God ever blest,
All glory and worship, from earth and from Heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

Unknown Author.

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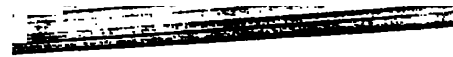

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